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SIXPENCE.

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Lord Strathcona. The Rt. Hon. John Sinclair.



HONOURING THE BRAVE: THE KING PRESENTING THE ALBERT MEDAL TO ROBERT MUNRO AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ABERDEEN.

A presentation of pathetic interest was made to the King immediately after his Majesty had received those interested in the extension of Marischal College. Robert Munro, a labourer, walking with the aid of crutches, was conducted into the royal presence, and his Majesty then pinned the Albert Medal of the Second Class to his breast and shook hands with him. The gallant act by which Munro earned the reward took place on the Highland Railway Line near Brodie Station. Munro and an old man named Murray were walking along the line together when an express train overtook them. In attempting to drag Murray from the track, Munro had his left foot cut off, and his right arm broken in two places.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN many of the papers that I read, and in some that I commonly agree with, there is a continual stir about an alleged immorality in teaching young boys the use of the rifle. Of this notion of immorality I am unable to make head or tail. I do not say that I am in favour of this form of national defence; I can imagine many objections to it: the objection I can most clearly imagine is simply that it is no use; that it would not do anything towards defending the nation. I can imagine some wild, paradoxical fellow maintaining that the French army or the German might not immediately turn tail at the sight of a cadet corps. Such frenzies my fancy can grasp. But when people tell me that it is wicked to teach boys to shoot with a rifle at a mark, I do not even understand the meaning of the words they use. Their explanations make the matter darker still. What can they mean when they say that we must not put militarism into boys? Can we by any possibility get militarism out of boys? You might burn it out with red-hot irons; you might eventually scourge it out as if it were a mediæval devil; but except you employ the most poignant form of actual persecution, you certainly will not prevent little boys thinking about soldiers, talking about soldiers, and pretending that they are soldiers. You may mortify and macerate this feeling in them if you like, just as you may mortify and macerate their love of comrades, or their love of wandering. You may shut them up in a monastery and never let them see women. You may starve them and never let them touch bread. But I do not think you are justified in saying, when your victim has been fasting for five days, "Shall we put into his mind the complex conception of food? Shall we shock his innocence with the suggestion of a bun? Shall we perplex his pure simplicity with that notion of regular meals which has brought to us so many fits of indigestion?"

This is exactly what is done in the case of shooting. We grown-up people have made a mess of eating, as we have made a mess of everything else. We have made a mess of fighting, as we have made a mess of everything else. We have corrupted with an impure Epicurism the exalted, nay, the austere, joy of eating. The greediness of a schoolboy is something clean and chaste, which is above our heads—an armed and awful virginity. The bun is not a thing which we have passed: the bun is something perfect and terrible to which we cannot attain. We are not innocent enough to share the pure appetite of the schoolboy. We are not good enough to be greedy. And exactly as we have corrupted the original appetite for feasting, so we have corrupted the original appetite for arms. A child's instinct is almost perfect in the matter of fighting; a child always stands for the good militarism as against the bad. The child's hero is always the man or boy who defends himself suddenly and splendidly against aggression. The child's hero is never the man or boy who attempts by his mere personal force to extend his mere personal influence. In all boys' books, in all boys' conversation, the hero is one person and the bully the other. That combination of the hero and bully in one, which people now call the Strong Man or the Superman, would be simply unintelligible to any schoolboy. To put the matter shortly, a boy feels an abysmal difference between conquest and victory. Conquest has the sound of something cold and heavy; the automatic operations of a powerful army. Victory has the sound of something sudden and valiant; victory is like a cry out of the living mouth. The child is excited with victory; he is bored with conquest. The child is not an Imperialist; the child is a Jingo—which is excellent. The child is not a militarist in the heavy, mechanical modern sense; the child is a fighter. Only very old and very wicked people can be militarists in the modern sense. Only very old and very wicked people can be peace-at-any-price men. The child's instincts are quite clean and chivalrous, though perhaps a little exaggerated.

But really to talk of this small human creature, who never picks up an umbrella without trying to use it as a sword, who will hardly read a book in which there is no fighting, who out of the Bible itself generally remembers the "bluggy" parts, who never walks down the garden without imagining himself to be stuck all over with swords and daggers—to take this human creature and talk about the wickedness of teaching him to be military, seems rather a wild piece of humour. He has already not only the tradition of fighting, but a far manlier and more genial tradition of fighting than our own. No; I am not in favour of the child being taught militarism. I am in favour of the child teaching it.

Of course in the case of those few people who regard all war—that is, every act of physical force—as immoral, I can see that such an instinct in boyhood must appear as a mere evil lust to be suppressed. Of course I agree that the mere fact that the actual exercise is harmless, that the rifles are only aimed at targets, would not excuse

it if it were the image or rehearsal of an essentially evil practice. I should not be in favour of a class in which English boys were taught to burn alive a stuffed cat; or American boys to burn alive a stuffed negro. I should not like the Board Schools to establish a thing called Poker Drill, in which the little boys learnt to beat imaginary wives with small wooden pokers. I should not recommend little classes in cannibalism, for the cooking of dummy missionaries. And if I thought that war as such was really as wicked as wife-beating as such or cannibalism as such, I should certainly join with those who resent the rifle class and the cadet corps. Even here, as in so many other questions, the most fanatical position is really the most reasonable. Even the man who thinks war wrong and objects to rifle corps is not so mad as the man who thinks war wrong and does not object to rifle corps. Only to those who disapprove of all war I would add this reminder: Their only conceivable meaning is that they disapprove of bodily violence. In that case they are bound to disapprove of government as much as of war. Surely there is something quite repulsively mean in saying that force must not be used against a conqueror from abroad, but force may be used against a poor, tired tramp who steals chickens. A Quaker has no right to be a soldier; but neither has he any right to be a magistrate. It is not only war that is an appeal to violence. Peace is an appeal to violence. The order and decency of our streets, the ease of exchange, and the fulfilment of contracts all repose ultimately upon the readiness of the community to fight for them, either against something without or against something within. Every city is a city in arms. As you and I and the rest of the respectable Londoners walk down the street we are all clanking with invisible weapons. We have taken the essential responsibility which is involved in war in merely being citizens of a State; we have declared war in favour of certain practices which we approve and against certain practices which we disapprove. It is a dreadful responsibility to declare that burglary is bad for mankind. It is a dreadful responsibility to declare that burglars shall be hurt because we think them harmful. It is a dreadful responsibility; but we have taken it. The decision has all that daring appeal to dogma which is the essence of revolution. Government itself is a revolution. The State itself is a *coup d'état*.

The romantic child, therefore, must expect to be discouraged by the man who disapproves of all coercion. I only hope that the romantic child will not be coerced by the man who disapproves of all coercion. That man must be left on one side. He may be an absolute saint. He must be (as many saints were) an anarchist. But for somewhat saner people who may have some lingering doubts on this matter I think one point should in conclusion be made clear. It is a misunderstanding of the whole nature of boyhood and youth to suppose, merely because a boy or man has a certain weapon, or certain dexterity with that weapon, that he will always be using it to the annoyance or the destruction of his neighbours. There is nothing that boyhood or the romantic spirit enjoys so much as preparing for an entirely remote contingency. Scores of young men buy revolvers; they never shoot anybody. Scores of young men carry sword-sticks; they do not run anybody through. When I was a boy, I used to carry chocolate in my pocket; not because I liked it (I didn't), but because I was told that it was a concentrated and sustaining food, and I had always before my mind the extreme probability of being lost in an open boat, lowered down a dry well, snowed up in a hut, or imprisoned in a cellar. I never have been; but I still carry the chocolate, full of an infinite and hungry hope. Indeed, my favourite hero in fiction is the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland," who carried a mouse-trap on his horse, for fear a mouse should ever get on to it. And I admit a modern nation with a Navy is very like the White Knight.

Science has recently been hard at work sending up balloons. I think that philosophy (that higher thing) will continue to be content with flying kites. The two things constitute a good example of the more or less illogical way in which all such things are divided by the common phraseology and criticism of men. In one sense kite-flying is quite as scientific as ballooning; in one sense ballooning is quite as childish as flying kites.

When physical science first entered the world (at least, in the modern sense), it was regarded as an enormous joke, mostly by the mass of outsiders, but partly also by the professors and investigators themselves. A singular air of levity hangs over all the gossip and speculation that surrounds the origin of the Royal Society. The great humourists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made game of science as they made game of any fashion or folly of the age: they classed microscopes with quizzing-glasses, and zoological specimens with silly little china dogs. Literature was founded in England by King Alfred the Great. Science was founded in England by King Charles II.

A "DREADNOUGHT" BROADSIDE.

BY FRED T. JANE.

SPECIAL interest attaches to the gun-trials of the *Dreadnought*, not only because these trials involve the hitherto unheard-of feat of firing eight heavy guns from a ship all together, but also because the guns themselves are of a new and specially powerful type.

The best 12-inch gun hitherto mounted in our Navy has been a 40-calibre piece with a muzzle energy of approximately 40,000 foot-tons. The new guns are five feet longer, have a velocity of something like 2000 miles per hour, and an energy of about 50,000 foot-tons.

The older ships, firing their four big guns together, only put upon the ship a strain of 160,000 tons, whereas the *Dreadnought* strain is 400,000 tons, approximately two-and-a-half times as much.

Rumour has recently been busy with the *Hibernia*, which, under a strain of about 200,000 tons, is said to have damaged herself a good deal. Unless, therefore, the *Dreadnought* is double the strength of the *Hibernia*, damage of a serious nature may be expected. The *Hibernia* damage was somewhat exaggerated; still, there is reason to believe that she ripped up her decks with firing. This mischief is done not by the tremendous recoil, which will probably draw the *Dreadnought* several yards sideways through the water, but by what is known as the "blast."

"Blast," despite much study, is still a somewhat obscure problem. It is complicated by back-blast and other physical issues which are best described non-technically by saying that much the same thing happens round the gun as in a thunderstorm. The explosion causes a vacuum, the air rushes in to fill the gap, and it rushes fast enough to strike a tremendous blow. At certain angles from the muzzle its force is most acute. So far things are simple: but when eight guns in a space of less than four hundred feet are firing, all sorts of side-stresses will be set up; and with guns firing past each other, the result is a problem somewhat on a par with that of the irresistible force encountering an immovable object. Indeed, it is no great exaggeration to say that this is exactly what will happen with a *Dreadnought* broadside, or what ought to happen. The crux is in the degree of immovability.

Under the strain of firing, vast steel beams will bend like the spokes of an umbrella. If all calculations are correct they will return to their original shape like springs; if there has been the tiniest error, they will not return, and the *Dreadnought* will be warped out of shape. Monstrous turrets, weighing hundreds of tons, will be thrown out of alignment, the guns will perhaps be unable to revolve, and if there is any structural weakness anywhere it will seriously develop. All this is what may be termed the risk side of the business—the thing that may happen.

If, on the other hand, practice bears out theory, the *Dreadnought* will simply skid in the water like a motor-car on grease, an enormous wave will rise around her, and all will be as before, save for a few twisted hand-rails and a certain amount of broken glass and crockery. But, however we look at it, to deal with just double the explosive force that has ever been dealt with before is a serious matter.

A side-issue is what will happen to the men in the end turrets when the amidship guns fire past them? Will they be able to go on firing just as though nothing had occurred, or will they be "shaken up"? Only the trials can show.

Neither photograph nor picture, unless artistic license be taken, can give any very real conception of the *Dreadnought*. Her immense bulk is not conveyed. The details are there, but not the sense of overwhelming size and power.

As regards those details which most strike the eye, perhaps the chief is the "bigness" of everything. The mast, which is the most conspicuous object, has a peculiar massiveness about it. It is a tripod affair, but each tripod-leg is like the trunk of some enormous forest tree. Similarly the funnels. They are not particularly high, and end-on they are narrowed to reduce wind-resistance, but seen from the broadside they have the characteristic "immenseness" of the *Dreadnought*. Aft, the eye is caught by a couple of square box-like erections. They are apparently some kind of ventilator. Each is about the size of the tower of a village church. Everything is big; everything is on the grand scale. She is like a Daimler or M. M. C. motor-car compared with the ordinary motor vehicle: she is full of the "solidity" associated with the popular conception of the British business-man. You think of John Bull as you look at the *Dreadnought*. She is all John Bull—John Bull afloat.

She is not in any way one's ordinary conception of a ship. Regarded as a ship, I suppose she is ugly, because she is unconventional. But her ugliness is that of one of Brangwyn's best pictures alongside the oleographic effort of the conventional R.A. There is no Alma-Tadema about her. But she looks what she is—the embodiment of power, of solidity, of all that we delight to call "English," and which some neurotics call "Philistine." One's first and last conception of her is that.

THE ABERDEEN FESTIVITIES.

"A WEEK unparalleled in the history of the country," is the description given by the Right Hon. James Bryce of the Aberdeen celebrations in honour of the University Quatercentenary. Looking back on those wonderful days of brilliant autumn sunshine, when the streets were ablaze with the gorgeous robes of University dignitaries from all the world, the spectator feels that he has been living in some pageant of the Renaissance, and it is difficult to return to the drab commonplace of modernity. The event of Sept. 27 was heralded by a long series of ceremonies—the service in King's College Chapel, the procession of students, graduates, delegates and officials, the reception of delegates by the Chancellor, the conferring of honorary degrees, and the reception held by Mr. James Murray, M.P., at the Art Gallery. The clerk of the weather was in his kindest mood, and on the morning of the 27th he outdid himself, sending a cloudless sky and soft winds to favour the royal inauguration of the new Marischal College buildings.

In the Quadrangle, long before the hour of the King's arrival, nearly five thousand people, for the most part in academic dress, had assembled without the least confusion and found seats facing the platform which extended across the great gateway. The band of the Scots Greys played magnificently, and with Wagner and Grieg and the company of old friends, the time of waiting passed without weariness. At a quarter past twelve the distant boom of guns told that the King and Queen had begun their three-miles drive to the college. The high officials, in splendid robes and uniforms, took their places on the dais, adding the last touch of colour to the scene.

Five minutes before one o'clock, the cheering in Broad Street announced the royal procession; there was a moment's suspense, and then appeared the Sacrist of King's and Marischal bearing the maces before their Majesties. When the King and Queen had taken their places at the front of the dais, Miss Mary Paton Ramsay presented the Queen with a bouquet on behalf of the women students, and Principal Lang read the address of welcome, in which he recalled the long connection between the Crown and the University. At a mention of the late Queen Victoria his Majesty saluted.

The King, replying, reminded one of that Greek philosopher "whose fine, deep tones resounded throughout the whole building." Clearly heard in the remotest corner of the quadrangle, his Majesty expressed the pleasure it gave him and the Queen to visit the University, the prosperity of which they had at heart. Lord Strathcona, the Chancellor, then handed his Majesty a gold key, and asked him to declare the new buildings open. This the King did *con amore*, amid great enthusiasm. The Hundredth Psalm was sung, Dr. Cowan, Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, offered prayer, and then members of the Court and the Senatus and the architect, Mr. Marshall Mackenzie, were presented to his Majesty. An unexpected incident followed. The Secretary of State for Scotland introduced a young labourer, Robert Munro, who had been crippled for life in attempting to save the life of a comrade on the Highland Railway, and the King decorated him with the Albert Medal. The royal inspection of the new College buildings and the signing of the visitors' book brought the academic ceremonies to a close, and the King and Queen drove to the Town House to lunch with Lord Provost Alexander Lyon, whom his Majesty knighted. Before the banquet, the magistrates and prominent citizens had the honour of presentation.

Both the civic and University arrangements were perfect and the citizens' welcome was most enthusiastic. After the King's departure a slight anticlimax might have been expected, but the extraordinary Strathcona banquet to 2400 guests and the University "At Home" kept the festivities alive till Friday night. After that it only remained to sing "Recessional."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SILVER BOX." AT THE COURT.

If ever there arises a school of English dramatists at all comparable as artists and students of life with even our younger contemporary novelists, we shall have largely to thank the enterprise of the Court Theatre's managers for that happy state of affairs. It is to Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker that Mr. Bernard Shaw owes his vogue; it is they who have prepared the way for the advent of a less superficial, less narrow, less stereotyped drama than can be expected from our older stage-hands. Mr. Barker's own work, "The Voyage Inheritance," was a step in the right direction; Mr. Galsworthy's three-act play, "The Silver Box," which is another brilliant study of middle-class manners, brings to light an equally promising playwright. Mr. Galsworthy has already made his mark as an uncompromising realist in fiction, and "The Silver Box" is just such a slice of actual life, treated artistically and presented without exaggeration, as was his latest novel. In both appears the same note of irony, the same subtlety of analysis, the same subdued tone; and the play evidences, besides, genuine stage instinct. Save that the piece illustrates effectively the cynical maxim that one man may steal a horse while another may not look over a hedge, its story of how a meek charwoman and her spouse are saddled with a sordid theft committed by a young gentleman blackguard is of less account than its faithful portraiture of a whole series of every-day types, comprising people who can and those who cannot afford to pay for the privilege of respectability. As a drama which is full of real observation, Mr. Galsworthy's piece, of course, gives fine scope at the Court to its actors. Excellent is Miss Sydney Fairbrother as the strange lady who agrees to take back her stolen box without asking questions; in the picture, too, is Mr. Hearn's timorous M.P. who smothers up the scandal of his son's peccadillo; very neat and finished is the performance of Mr. A. E. Matthews as the scapegrace who steals the box for a "lark"; quite splendid is Mr. McKinnel as the charwoman's raffish, yet not wholly unsympathetic husband; but most convincing of

all—indeed, infinitely touching—is Miss Irene Rooke's charwoman, whose whole aspect and speech suggests with perfect artistry a hapless creature who, by reason of an early fault, has come down in the world, and yet contrives in all her degradation to preserve traces of former refinement. Bravo, Miss Rooke! Bravo, Mr. Galsworthy!

"THE NEW ALADDIN." AT THE GAIETY.

There is so much that is charming and mirthful in the new Gaiety play, there are so many pretty actresses and talented comedians in its cast, there is such a lavish display of beautiful costumes in each act of the piece, and the two librettists-in-chief, Messrs. Tanner and Risque, exhibit occasionally such an agreeable gift of burlesque, that Mr. George Edwardes could doubtless afford to suffer good-humouredly the "mixed" reception he obtained last week from his usually loyal first-night audience. It is curious that the weak spot of his latest extravaganza occurs in what has been the strength of his previous plays—the variety entertainment, in which the story gradually loses itself. We were told that "The New Aladdin" was to mark an entire change of policy; in point of fact, it is musical comedy again with a slight admixture of fantasy and travesty, and its authors might advantageously have been more thorough in their innovations and carried through a plot which supplies a really bright and coherent first act and contains some rather piquant possibilities. Mr. Edwardes must reshape his second act. When he has done this, and stimulated his composers to more inspired efforts, and given Mr. Payne, a shop-boy, and Miss Connie Ediss, a shapely fairy, rather more opportunities, "The New Aladdin" will take rank as another Gaiety success. At present its best features are a song or two of Miss Ediss, the lost policeman of Mr. Alfred Lester, the genie of mercurial Mr. Geo. Grossmith junior, the dainty appearance and singing of Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Adrienne Augarde as "principal boy and girl," and the *chic* and chansonettes of a newcomer from France, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, whose little ditty, "Sur la Plage," won her immediate first-night favour.

A DOUBLE BILL AT TERRY'S.

It is difficult to imagine a more amateurish or a duller entertainment than the "new, original, musical, and satirical" play which forms the main element of the double bill with which Mr. W. H. C. Nation has started his season at Terry's. It is written by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, describes the visit of a coloured monarch to "Yellow Fog Island"—otherwise England—and pokes feeble satire at various British institutions. Some of the incidental songs, "imitated" from the French by Mr. Nation, are decidedly pretty, but the performance as a whole is hopelessly tedious. The other part of the programme, a compression version of Holcroft's comedy, "He's Much to Blame," does not mend matters, despite the fact that that sterling comedian, Mr. Charles Groves, is a member of the cast. Obviously, Fate has been both just and kind to Holcroft in letting him be remembered only as author of "The Road to Ruin."

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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

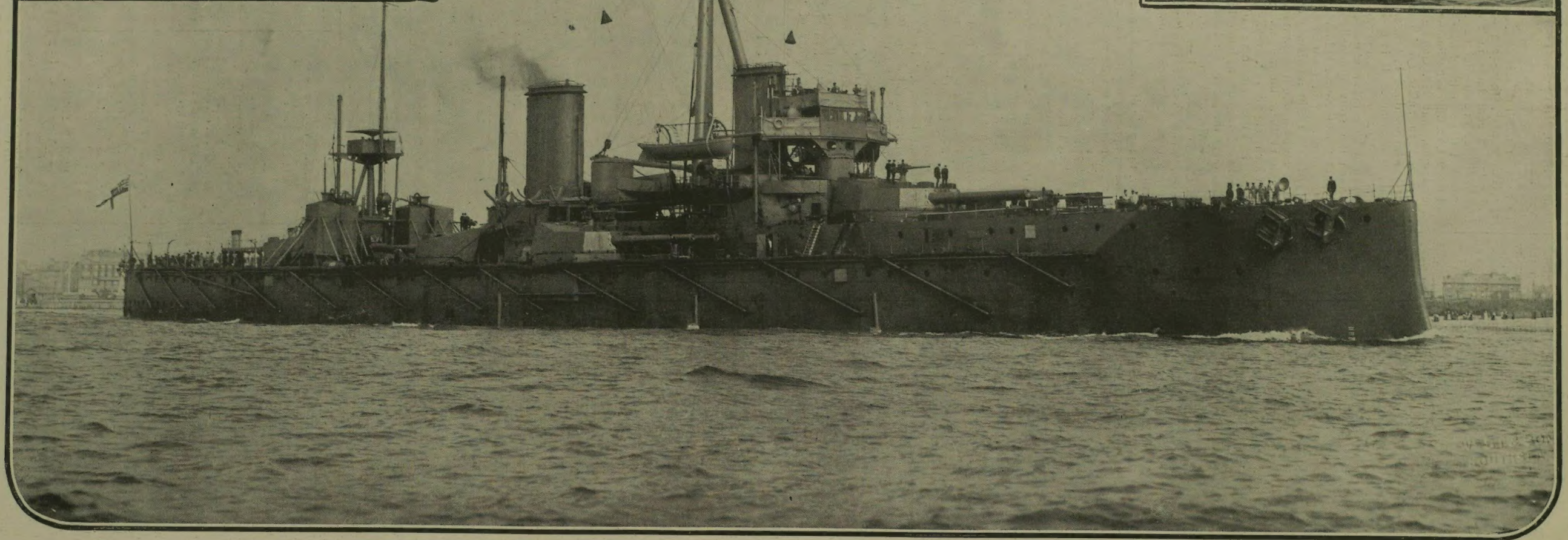
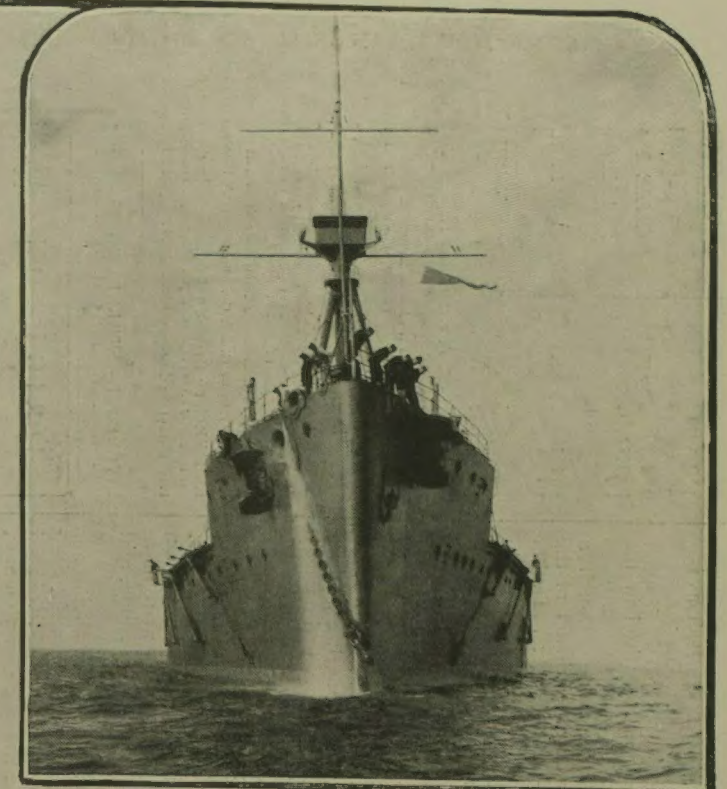
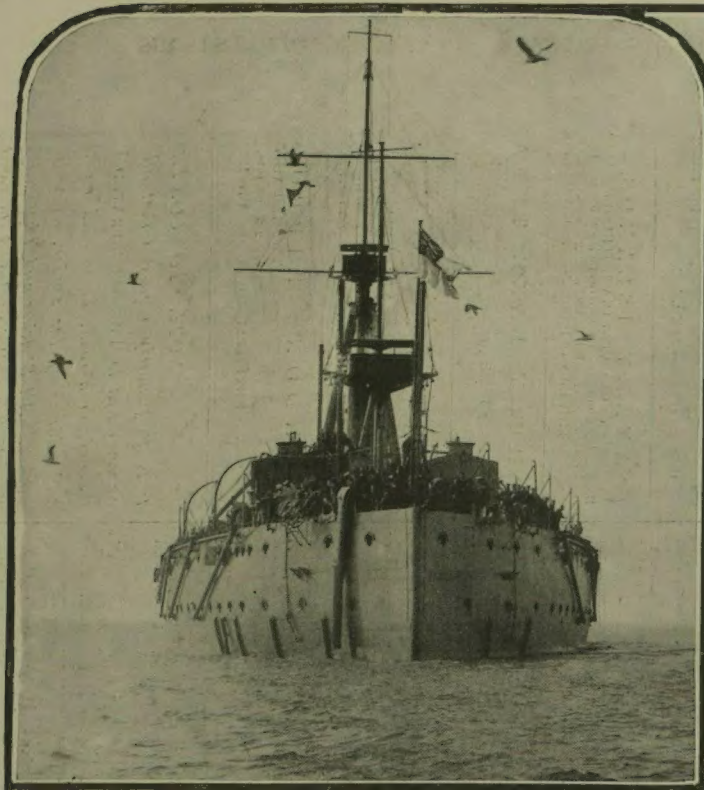
It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MODEL FOR THE WORLD'S NAVIES:

THE LOW STERN OF THE "DREADNOUGHT."

THE "DREADNOUGHT" ON TRIAL.

THE HIGH BOW OF THE "DREADNOUGHT."



THE BRITISH NAVY'S GIGANTIC SECRET: H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT," WHICH MARKS A REVOLUTION IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

H.M.S. "Dreadnought," the latest addition to the British Navy, marks, as we have noted, a revolution in naval construction, and is likely to be the model for the great navies of the world. She was built and completed for sea within the 'extraordinarily short period of twelve months, and left Portsmouth for her trials on the first of this month. She has a displacement of 18,000 tons, and carries ten 12-inch guns. Her "tripod" masts should be noted. The men's quarters are aft instead of fore. The greatest care has been taken to guard the "Dreadnought's" many secrets.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.]

[SEE SPECIAL ARTICLE ON "OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE.]

ROYAL RECEPTION FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN THE EXTENSION OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ABERDEEN.

The Prince The Archbishop
of Monaco. of Canterbury.

Earl of Aberdeen.



Queen, King. Sir Frederick Treves. Principal J. Marshall Lang. Lord Strathcona. The Rt. Hon. John Sinclair.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, MAKING PRESENTATIONS TO THE KING AND QUEEN AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

Immediately after the opening ceremony Sir Frederick Treves, as Rector of the University, presented to the King and Queen members of the University Court, the professorial staff, and others closely concerned in the extension of the University. The King acknowledged each presentation by saluting; the Queen, by bowing.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

America and Cuba.

After trying vainly to force President Palma to play a straight game for once in his

life, and after realising that persuasion was impossible and that even the insurgent party were getting right out of hand, Mr. Taft, acting on instructions from Washington, proclaimed an American Provisional Government in Cuba on Saturday last, and announced his own appointment as Governor. His first act in that capacity was to release seventy political prisoners, including many generals and editors. An army of occupation is on its way from the States, and General Funston will assume military control. It is clear that the United States Government stands committed to the Imperial policy from which no great Power can hope to escape. President Palma has resigned, and at the time of writing the Cuban Congress has not elected a successor. The Provisional Government will doubtless be Cuban as far as it is possible to make it so. In dealing with America's action, it is well to remember that intervention does not necessarily mean annexation. In 1898 Congress promised independence to Cuba, and there is no reason to believe that President Roosevelt has forgotten the promise or is reluctant to fulfil it.

Our Portraits.

John Campbell Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, upon whom the King has bestowed the Knighthood of the Thistle, was born in 1847, and was educated at Cheam School.

Trinity College. He sat for High Wycombe from 1865 to 1868, was Governor of New South Wales from 1885 to 1890, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household from 1892 to 1895, in which year the earldom was created.

On Saturday last the liverymen of the various Guilds of the City of London chose Sir William Treloar to be

on Sundays. Thirty years ago, in conjunction with Lady Treloar, he instituted the happy custom of entertaining destitute, ragged, and crippled children at Christmas-time. Subscriptions amounting to £2500 are now received annually, and while more than 1500 children get a Christmas dinner at the Guildhall, some 7000 crippled children receive hampers and gifts at home. In 1899 Sir William Treloar was Sheriff of the City, and was knighted during his year of office. He gave material assistance to Sir Alfred Newton, then Lord Mayor, in the formation, equipment, and dispatch of the City Imperial Volunteers to the war in South Africa: The Lord Mayor-elect is a Conservative and a Churchman, a Justice of the Peace for London, Kent, and Surrey, a past Master of the Loriners' Company, a member of the Carlton Club, and the author of two books, "Ludgate Hill, Past and Present," and "The Prince of Palms." In 1865 he married Annie, daughter of the late Mr. George Blake.

Mr. Alderman Crosby, who has been elected Sheriff of the City of London for the ensuing year, is a graduate of the University of St. Andrews, and has been in practice as a medical man for fifty-four years. He entered the Corporation as Common Councillor of the Ward of

Langbourne nearly thirty years ago, and was elected Alderman in 1898. He is a magistrate of the City of London and a past Master of the Turners' Company.

Mr. W. H. Dunn is head of the firm of Dunn, Samon, and Coverdale, auctioneers and surveyors, and represents the Common Council on the Bishopsgate Ward. He is a member of several City Companies.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,
New Knight of the Thistle.

Photo. Russell.



EARL CARRINGTON,
New Knight of the Garter.

Photo. Russell.

Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, and the election is bound to be a popular one, for the Lord Mayor-elect has long been known as the "Children's Alderman," on account of his efforts on behalf of London's little crippled folk, and is highly esteemed throughout the City. Sir William is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Treloar, and was born in Ludgate Hill some three-and-sixty years ago. He was educated at King's

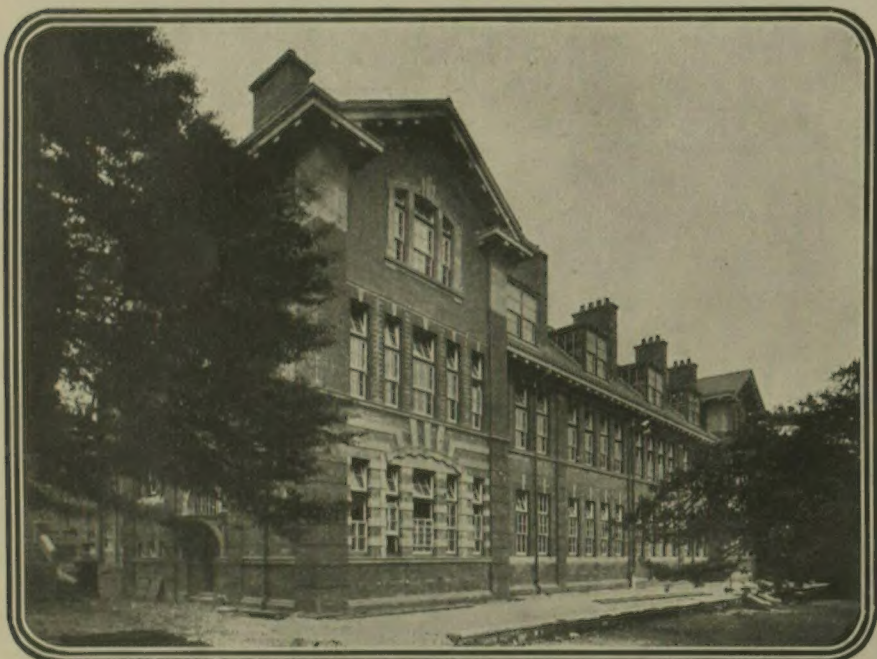


Photo. Chard.

THE NEW GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL AT LEEDS, OPENED BY PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, ON SEPTEMBER 29.

The Duchess of Argyll, who was accompanied by the Duke of Argyll, was received at the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and after luncheon left for the new school, which is on Headingley Hill. There she formally declared the buildings open.

the University of St. Andrews, and University College, Oxford. He is a Gladstonian in politics, the master of some 60,000 acres, and has been Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire since 1880. He has served the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland as Lord High Commissioner, and is acting as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for

College School, and joined his father in his business as carpet-manufacturer, becoming sole proprietor of the firm in 1886. By that time he was already a Common Councillor; he was elected for the Ward of Farringdon Without in 1881, and it is largely due to his efforts that the width of Ludgate Hill was altered from



Photo. Topical Press.

A BELATED WAR MEMORIAL: GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH UNVEILING THE STATUE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE SUFFOLK SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The statue was unveiled at Ipswich on the afternoon of September 29. The figure, which is of bronze, shows a Suffolk soldier with rifle reversed.

The Great Balloon Race.

On Sunday afternoon last in Paris the start for the long-distance balloon race for the Gordon Bennett Cup created some excitement. Sixteen competitors put in an appearance, and the first balloon rose at four o'clock, the others

rising at intervals of five minutes. Of the three British competitors, Mr. Butler descended in France, Professor Huntington landed at Sittingbourne, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, after spending twenty-six hours in the air and giving Fleet Street a bad attack of nerves, reached terra firma in Norfolk. The three representatives of

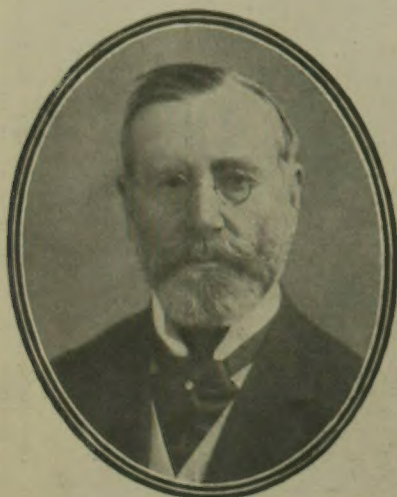


Photo. Bassano.

MR. ALDERMAN CROSBY,
Sheriff Elect of the City of London.



Photo. Weston.

MR. W. H. DUNN,
Sheriff Elect of the City of London.

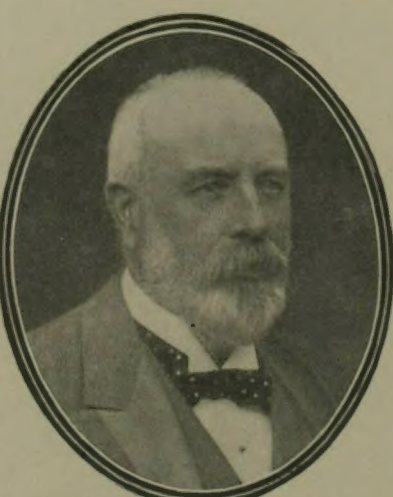


Photo. Wright.

SIR WILLIAM P. TRELOAR,
Lord Mayor Elect of London.



Photo. Wright.

LADY TRELOAR,
Wife of the Lord Mayor Elect of London.

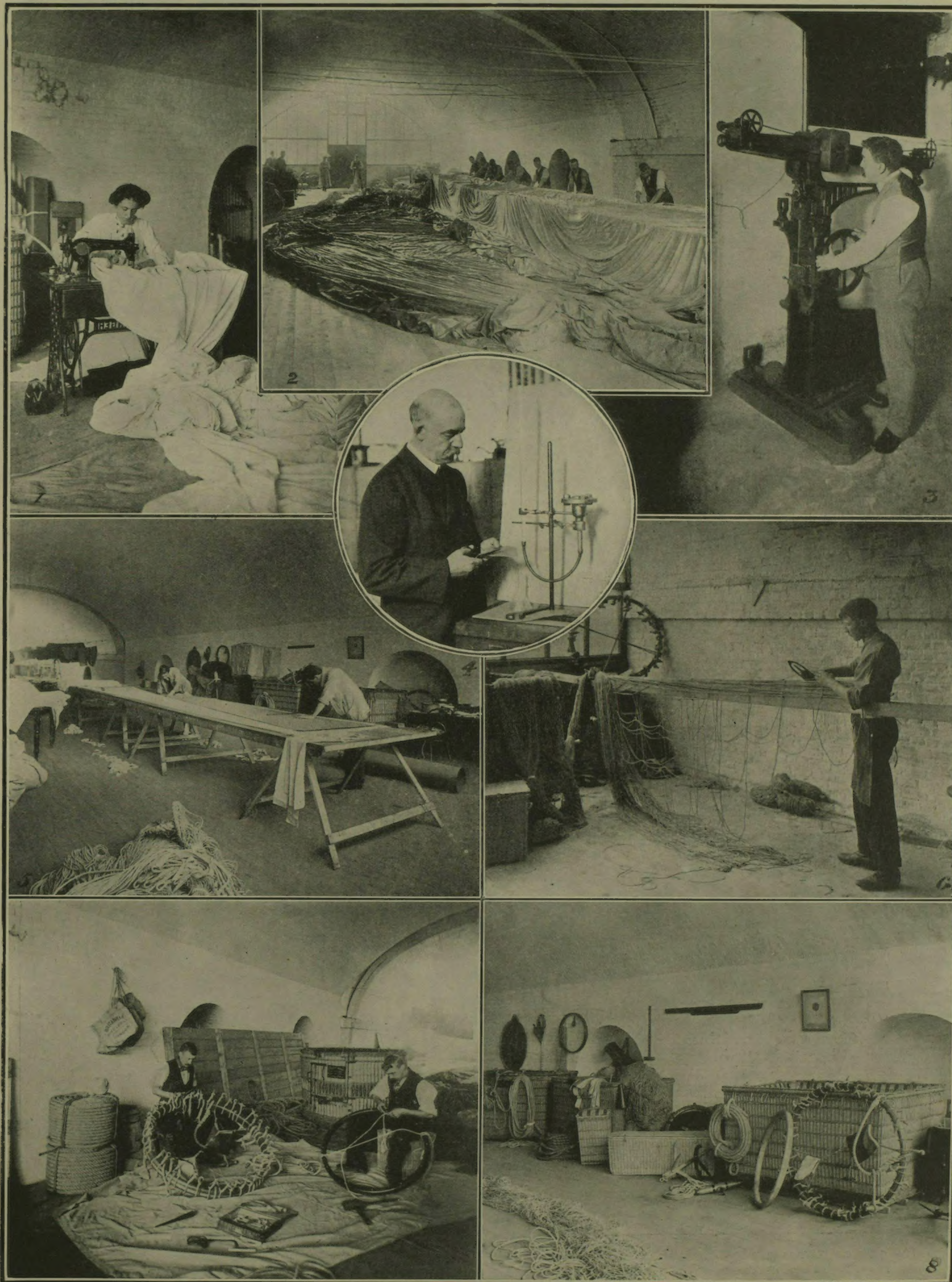
the second time; but he is best known as Governor-General of Canada, for he filled that post with distinction from 1893 to 1898, and he has a home in British Columbia.

Charles Robert Wynn-Carrington, first Earl Carrington, upon whom the King has bestowed the coveted K.G., was born in 1843, and was educated at Eton and

47 to 60 ft., at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million, in the year 1891. During the following year Sir William was unanimously elected Alderman of his ward, and in 1893 he became President of the National Sunday League, and persuaded the Corporation to open their loan collection of pictures in the Guildhall Art Gallery

rising at intervals of five minutes. Of the three British competitors, Mr. Butler descended in France, Professor Huntington landed at Sittingbourne, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, after spending twenty-six hours in the air and giving Fleet Street a bad attack of nerves, reached terra firma in Norfolk. The three representatives of

CONSTRUCTING A BRITISH COMPETITOR FOR THE GREAT BALLOON RACE: A BALLOON IN THE MAKING.



1. SEAMING THE SILK.

2. EXAMINING THE COVER BEFORE PACKING IT.

3. TESTING THE CORD TO BE USED ON THE BALLOON.

4. EXAMINING A SAMPLE OF THE
VARNISHED FABRIC.

5. CUTTING THE SILK INTO SHAPE.

6. WEAVING THE NETWORK FOR THE COVERING OF THE BALLOON.

7. ROPING THE RING FROM WHICH THE CAR IS HUNG.

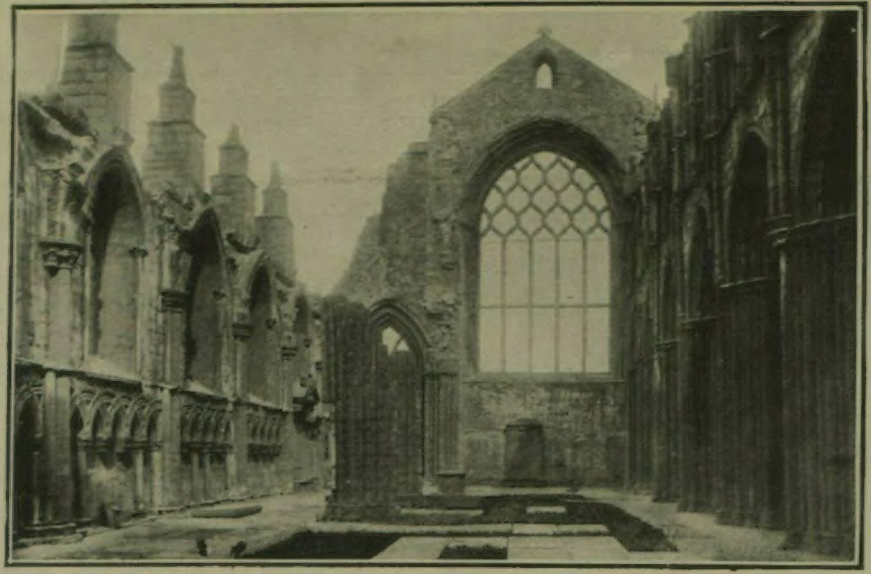
8. SOME CARS AND ACCESSORIES.



Photo, Crook.

FORLANINI'S HYDROPLANE BOAT, WHICH IS DRIVEN BY PROPELLERS THAT REVOLVE IN THE AIR.

The hydroplane differs from other motor-boats from the fact that its propellers are in the air instead of in the water. It has a motor of 70 h.p., and has attained a speed of about forty-three miles an hour. Mr. Forlanini looks upon his craft merely as an experiment, believing that he will be able to construct a reliable dirigible flying-machine.



Photo, Frith.

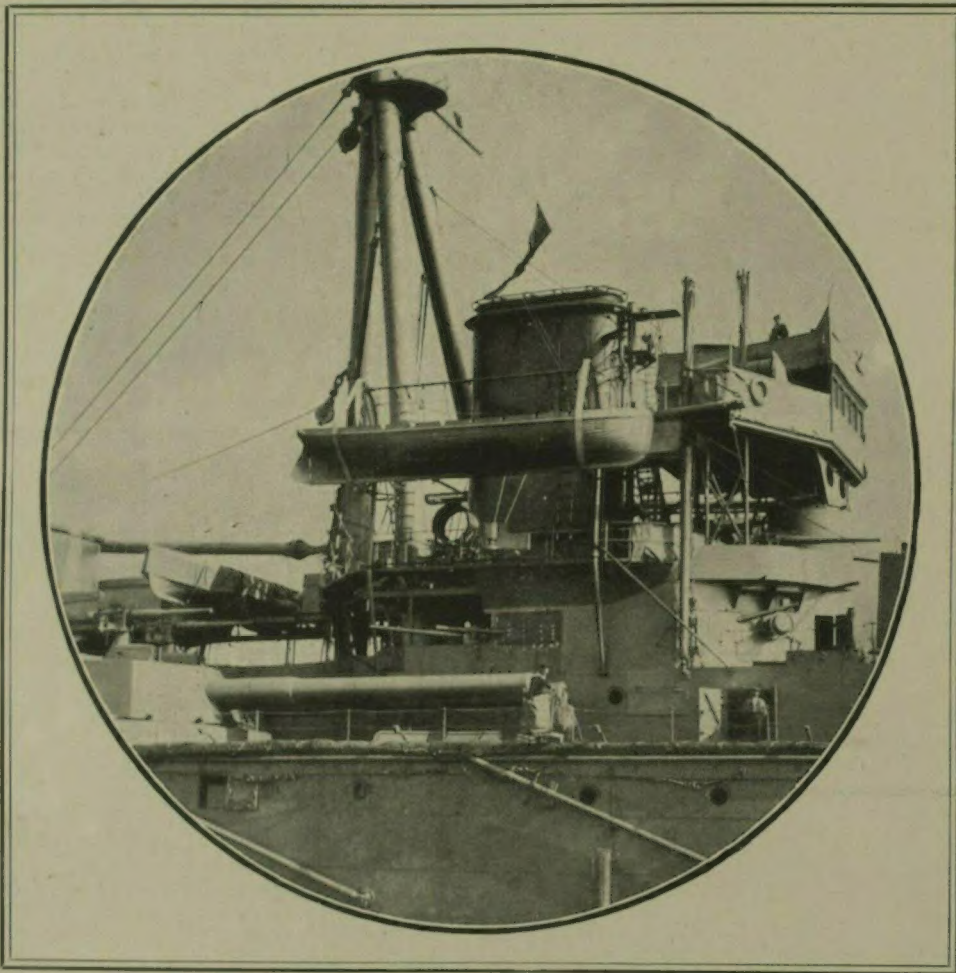
THE PROPOSED CHAPEL FOR THE KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE:
— HOLYROOD CHAPEL, EDINBURGH.

The late Lord Leven and Melville left £40,000 for the restoration of Holyrood Chapel as a Chapel for the Knights of the Order of the Thistle. Permission to carry out the Earl's wishes has to be asked of the King. Already the word "restoration" has caused several protests from antiquaries.

Germany all came down in France. One of Spain's three aeronauts succeeded in crossing the Channel and came down at Chichester; and the representatives of Italy and the United States came down upon the coast of Yorkshire, the last-named being adjudged winner of the Cup. The Belgian aeronaut descended in France, and so did Monsieur Santos-Dumont, who met with a slight accident and came to earth on Monday night at Broglie. Lieutenant Lahn, of the United States, covered approximately 400 miles; Mr. Von Willer, of Italy, 370 miles; Count de la Vaulx, of France, 294 miles; the Hon. C. S. Rolls, of Great Britain, 287 miles; Professor Huntington, of Great Britain, 212 miles; Mr. Balsan, of France, 206 miles; and Captain Kindelan, of Spain, 200 miles. Many exciting adventures are recorded. Some of our older readers will doubtless recall those exciting times in Paris six-and-thirty years ago, when balloons attempted to leave the city, and were exposed to the fire of German rifles. The contrast between these days of peace and those days of war is vividly set out on other pages in this number.

Pictures from
Valparaiso.

We publish this week some of the first photographs that have come to hand from Valparaiso since the terrible earthquake in the middle of August. It will be remembered that the shocks were felt on the 16th of that month,



Photo, Cribb.

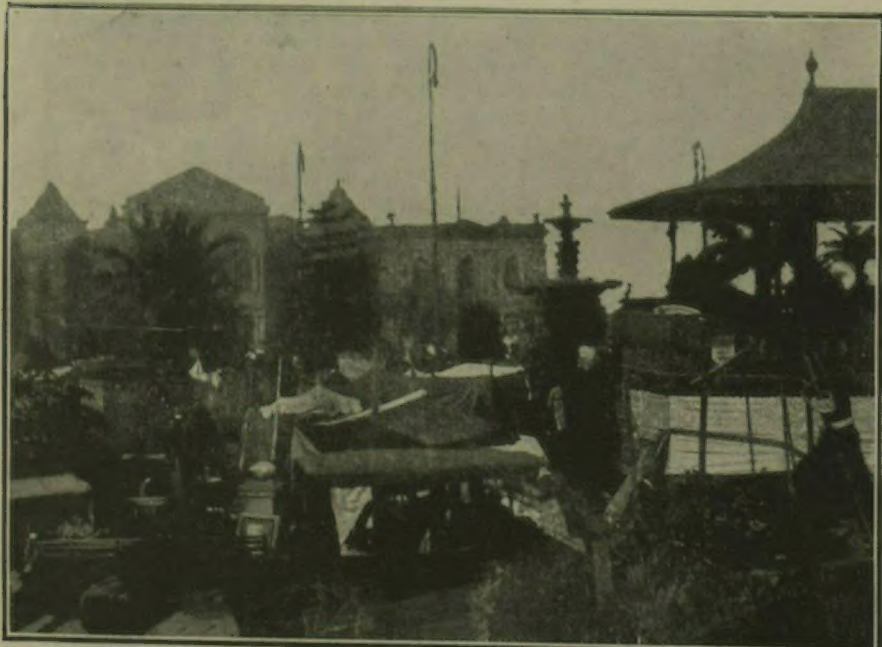
A UNIQUE FEATURE OF OUR NEW RECORD BATTLE-SHIP: THE "DREADNOUGHT," SHOWING HER TRIPOD MAST, CURIOUSLY SHAPED FUNNELS, BRIDGE, AND 12-IN. GUNS.

(SEE SPECIAL ARTICLE ON "OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE.)

and inflicted terrible damage upon Valparaiso and Santiago, the former city being the most important town on the west coast of South America, and populated by some 150,000 people. As was the case in San Francisco, fire broke out in Valparaiso immediately after the earthquake, and the terrors of destruction were increased by the temporary release from surveillance of the lowest and most disorderly elements in the city. This has been a year remarkable for disasters, and doubtless many people thought that the story of destruction had been exaggerated in the case of Valparaiso. Our photographs serve to prove the contrary, and suggest the limits that beset the written word in an attempt to convey to people far away the full significance of a great disaster.

Submarine Experiments.

In the harbour of Toulon certain experiments have just been carried out with submarines in order to test the full effect of pressure upon these slightly built vessels. The *Souffleur* was lowered to a depth of some 100 feet, and brought up again successfully to the surface. Such an experiment is of little interest to the naval expert, because submarines work at an average depth of 12 feet, or even less, in order that they may be able to use their periscopes, without which they are blind. A 50-ton pontoon crane was used to raise the *Souffleur* after the operations at Toulon.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SHELTER IN A CITY OF DEVASTATION: VICTORIA SQUARE, VALPARAISO, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY HOMES OF MANY OF THE CITIZENS.

As we note under our illustrations on other pages in this number, the earthquake which recently visited South America did damage in Valparaiso to the extent of some thirty million pounds. Needless to say, many of the dwellers in the devastated city, rich and poor, were made homeless. To give them some slight shelter until more permanent homes could be found, rough structures were raised in various parts of the city.



Photo, F. C. Coleman.

TESTING A NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE: LOCOMOTIVES ON THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE TYNE AT NEWCASTLE DURING THE EXPERIMENTS.

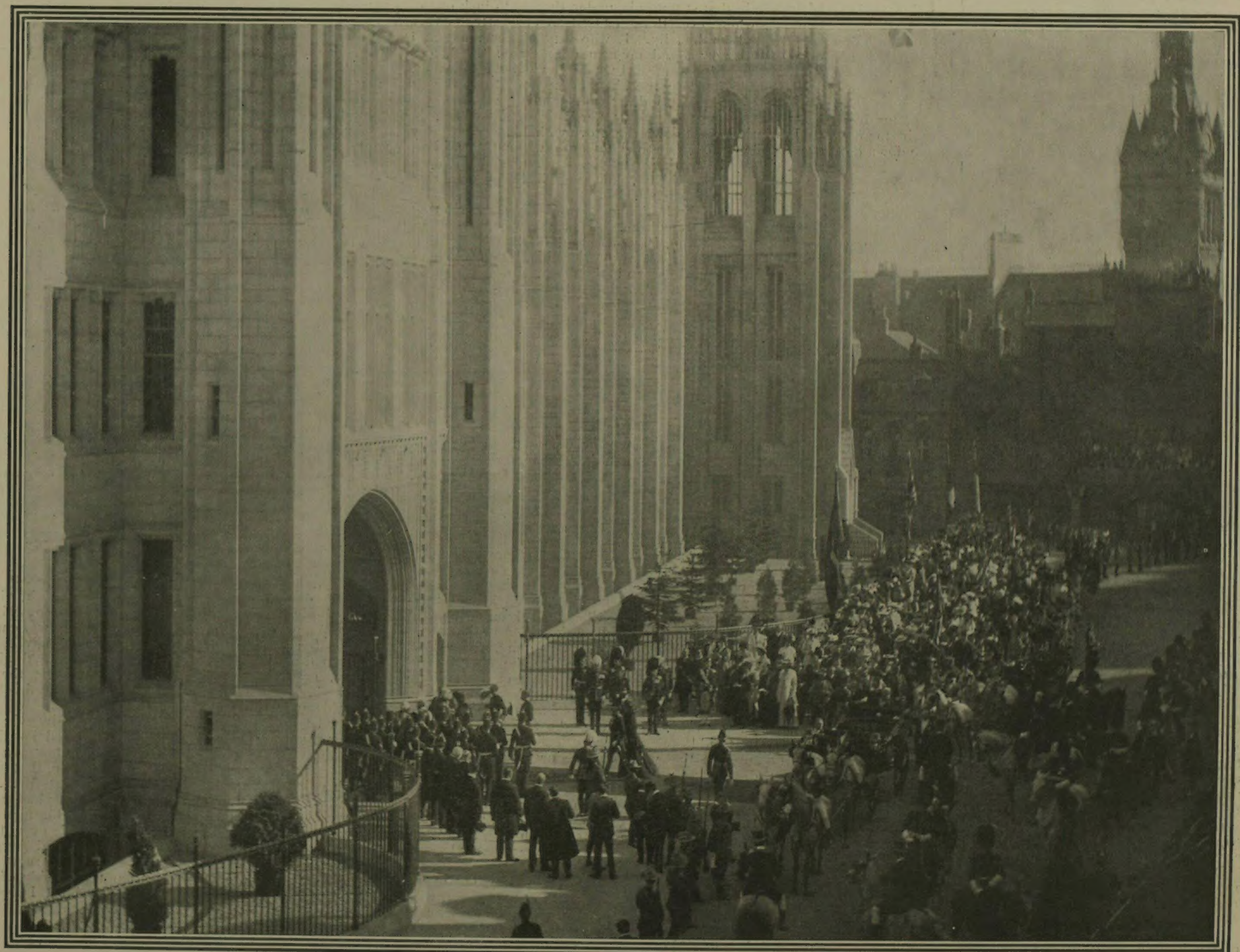
The new high-level railway bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle was recently submitted to various tests before Colonel Von Donop, representing the Board of Trade. Ten of the heavy express locomotives of the North-Eastern Railway were run over it at the same time. The total weight of these was about 1000 tons, and under this abnormal load the maximum deflection of any one of the 231-foot girders was only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, and the deflection on the 300-foot girders only $1\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE GRANITE CITY.



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING MARISCHAL COLLEGE AFTER THE CEREMONY.

After the King had declared the new buildings open, their Majesties visited the various departments. Later, they drove to the Town House, there to be the guests at luncheon of the Lord Provost and his wife.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.]



THE KING AND QUEEN ENTERING THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Their Majesties were escorted by a detachment of the Royal Scots Greys. A platform for the chief guests was erected on the south-western side of the Quadrangle of the College, and in the centre of this platform was the Royal Pavilion. In the Quadrangle itself were chairs for some 5000 people. Fortunately, the walls of the beautiful building had been little decorated.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDIE, ABERDEEN.

THE WHITE SAND-PATH

BY
STIJN STREUVELS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

I WAS a devil of a scapegrace in my time. No tree was too high for me, no water too deep; and when there was any mischief going, I was the ringleader of the band. Father racked his head for days together to find a punishment that I should remember, but 'twas no good: he wore out three or four birchrods on my back, his hands pained him merely from hitting my hard head, and bread and water was a welcome change to me from the everyday monotony of potatoes and bread-and-butter. After a sound drubbing, followed by half a day's fasting, I felt more like laughing than crying, and in half a while all was forgotten and my wickedness began afresh and worse than ever.

One summer's evening I came home in fine fettle. I and ten of my schoolfellows had played truant; we had gone to pick apples in the priest's orchard, and we had pulled the burgomaster's calf into the brook to teach it to swim, but the banks were too high and the beast was drowned. Father, who had heard of these happenings, laid hold of me in a rage, and gave me a furious trouncing with a poker, after which, instead of turning me into the road, as his custom was, he caught me up fair and square, carried me to the loft, flung me down on the floor, and bolted the trap-door behind him.

In the loft! Heavenly goodness, in the loft!

Of an evening I never dared think of the place, and, in bright sunshine, I went there but seldom, and then always in fear.

I lay as dead, pinched my eyes to and pondered on my poor plight. 'Twas silent all around; I heard nothing, nothing. That lasted pretty long, till I began to feel that the boards were so hard and that my body, which had been thrashed black and blue, hurt me. My back was stiff, and my arms and legs grew cold. And yet I neither wished nor meant to stir; that was settled in my head. In the end it became unbearable: I drew in my right leg, shifted my arm, and carefully opened my eyes. 'Twas so ghastly, oh, so frightfully dark and warm: I could see the warm darkness; so funny, that steep, slanting tiled roof, crossed by black rafters, beams, and laths, and all that space beyond, which disappeared in the dark ridge-work: 'twas like a deserted, haunted booth at a fair, during the night. Over my head, like threatening blunderbusses, old trousers and jackets hung swinging, with empty arms and legs: they looked just like fellows that had been hanged! And it grew darker, steadily darker.

My eyes stood fixed and I heard my breath come and go. I pondered how 'twould end here. That last-silence affrighted me; the anxious waiting for that coming night: to have to spend a long, long night here alone! My hair itched and pricked on my head. And the rats! I gave a great loud scream. It rang in anguish through the sloping vault of the loft. I listened as it died away—and nothing followed. I screamed again and again, and went on till my throat was torn.

That gruesome thought of those rats and of that long night drove me mad with fear. I rolled about on the floor, I struck out with my arms and legs, like one possessed, in violent childish fury. Then, worn out, I let my arms and legs rest; at last, tired, swallowed up in my helplessness, left without will or feeling, I waited for what was to come. I had terribly wicked thoughts: of escaping from the house, of setting fire to the house, of murder! I was an outcast, I was being tortured. I would have shown them what I could do, who I was; I should have liked to see them hunting for me and crying and then to run away, always further away, and never to come back again.

Downstairs, the plates and forks were clattering for supper. I was not hungry; I did not wish nor mean to eat. I heard soft, restful voices talking; that made me desperate; they were not speaking of me! They had no thought nor care for the miscreant; they would liefst have him dead, out of the way. And I was in the loft!

Later, very much later, I heard my little brother's voice saying evening prayers—I would not pray—and then I heard nothing more, nothing; and I lay there, upstairs, lonely and forlorn.

I walked all alone in the forest, through the brush-wood. 'Twas half dark below; but, above the bushes, the sun played as through a green curtain. I went on

and on. Here the bushes now grew thick, and the tiny path was lost. After long creeping and stumbling, I leapt across a ditch and came into the broad drove. It did not seem strange to me that 'twas even darker here, and that the light, instead of from above, came streaming low down from between the trunks of the trees. The vault was closed leaf-tight, and the trunks hung down from out of it like pillars. 'Twas silent all around. I went, as I thought that I must see the sun, round behind the trunks, half anxious at last to get out of that magic forest; but new trees kept coming up, as though out of the ground, and hid the sun. I should have liked to run, but felt I know not what in my legs that made me drag myself on.

Far beyond, on the roadside grass, sat two boys. 'Twas—no; they were sitting there too glumly. I went up to them, and, after all, knew them for Sarelke* and Lowietje†, the village constable's children. They sat with their legs in the ditch, their elbows on their knees, earnestly chatting. I sat down beside them, but they did not even look up, did not notice me. Those two boys, my schoolboys, the worst two scamps in the village, sat there like two worn-out old fogies: they did not know me. This ought to have surprised me, and yet I thought that it must be right and that it had always been so. They chatted most calmly of the price of marbles, of the way to tell the best hoops, of a new box of tin soldiers; and they mumbled their words as slowly as the priest in his pulpit. I became uncomfortable, felt ill at ease in that stifling air, under that half-dusk of the twilight, where everything passed so earnestly, so very slowly, and so heavily. I, who was all for sport and child's-play, now found my own chums so altered, and they no longer knew me. I would have liked to shout, to grip them hard by the shoulder, and call out that it was I, I, I, I! But I durst not, or could not.

"There—comes—the-keeper," drawled Sarelke.

Lowietje looked down the drove with his great glassy eyes. The two boys stood up and, without speaking, shuffled on. I saw them get smaller and smaller, until they became two black, hovering little specks that vanished round the bend.

I was alone again! Alone, with all those trees, in that fearful silence all around me. And the keeper, where was he? He would come, I knew it, and I felt afraid of that awful fellow. I must get away from this, hide myself. I lay down, very slowly, deep in the ditch. I now felt that I had been long, long dead, and that I was lying here alone, waiting for I forgot what. That keeper: was there such a person? He now seemed to me an awesome clod of earth, which came rolling down, slowly but firmly, and which would fall heavily upon me. Then he turned to a lovely white ash-plant, which stood waving its boughs there statelike. I would let him go past and then would go away. People were waiting for me, I had to be somewhere: I tried mightily to remember where, but could not.

The keeper did not come.

The ditch was cold, the bottom was of smooth-worn stone and very hard. I lay there with gleaming eyes: above my head stood the giant oaks, silently, and their knotted branches ran up and were lost in the dark sky.

The keeper came. I heard his coming, and the wind blew fearfully through the trees. I shivered—I woke with fright, and I was still lying in my loft. The hard bottom of the ditch was the boarded floor, and the tree-trunks were the legs of father's trousers, and the branches ran up and were lost in the darksome roof-work. Two sharp rays of light beamed through the shut dormer-window. It must be day, then! And that awful night was past! All my dismay was gone, and a bold feeling came over me—something like the glad feeling that follows on a solved problem. I would make Lowietje and Sarelke and all the boys at school hark to my tale, that I would! I had slept a whole night, alone, in the loft! And the rats! And the ghosts! O—oh! and not a whit afraid!

I got up, but that was such a slow business! I still felt that dream and the slackness in my limbs. I was so stiff; that heavy gloom, that slow passing of time, still lingered—just as in my dream—in my slow breathing. I still saw that forest, and, shut up as I was, with not a single touchstone for my thoughts, I began to doubt if my dream were done, and I had to feel the trouser-legs to make sure that they were not really trees.

Time stood still, and there was no getting out of my mind the strange things seen in that dream-forest, with those earnest, sluggish, elderly children and that queer keeper. 'Twas as though someone were holding my arms and legs tight so as to let them move heavily, dead, heavily, and I felt myself, within my head, grown quite thirty years older, become suddenly an old man. I walked about the loft; I wanted to make myself heard, but my footsteps gave no sound.

I grew awfully hungry. Near the ladder-door I found my prison fare. I nibbled greedily at my crust of bread and took a good drink of water.

I now felt better, but this doing nothing wearied me; I became sad, and felt sorry to be sitting alone. If things had gone their usual gait, I should now be with my mates at school, or playing somewhere under the open sky; and that open sky now first revealed all its delightfulness. The usual gait, when all was said, was by far the best. . . . All alone like this, up here. . . . Should I go down and beg father's pardon? Then 'twould all be over and done with. . . .

"No!" said something inside me. "I stay here!"

And I stayed.

I shoved a box under the dormer-window, I pushed open the wooden shutter, and there! Before me lay the wide stretch in the blazing sunlight! My eyes were quite blind with it.

'Twas good up here, so funny to see everything from so high up, so endlessly far! And the people were no bigger than tiny tadpoles!

Just under my dormer-window came a path, a white sand-path winding from behind the house and then running forwards to the horizon in a line straight as an arrow. It looked like a naked strip of ground, powdered white, and standing out sharp: like a flat snake in the middle of the green fields which, broken into their many-coloured squares, lay blinking in the sun.

This path was deserted, lonely, as though neither man nor beast had ever trodden it. It lay very near the house, and I did not know it from up here; it looked now like a long strip of drab linen, which lay bleaching in a boundless meadow. And that, again, suited my loneliness so well! At last, I looked and saw nothing more. And that path! . . .

Slowly, overcome by that silent, restful idleness, I fell a-dreaming; and that path, that long white path, seemed to me to have become a part of my own being, something like a life that begins over there, far away, under the clear blue, to end in the unknown, here, behind the gable-end, cut off in that fatal bend.

After long looking, I saw something, very far off; it came so slowly, so softly, like a thing that grows, and those two little black patches grew into two romping schoolboys, who rolling and leaping along, came running down the white sand-path and, at last, disappeared in the bend behind the gable-end.

Then, for another long while, nothing more, nothing but sand, green, and sunshine.

Later, 'twas three labourers, who came stepping up briskly, with their gear over their shoulders. Half-way up the path, they leapt across the ditch and went to work in the field. They toiled on, without looking up or round, toiled on, and I got tired of watching, and of those three stooping men, and of seeing that gleaming steel flicker in the sun, and go in and out of the earth.

When now 'twas mid-day, and fiercely hot in my loft, my three labourers sat down behind a tree and ate their noonday meal.

I went to the loft-door and devoured my second crust of bread, and took a fresh gulp of water.

Very calmly, without thinking, lame with the heat, and with that old-man's feeling still inside me, I went and sat at the window.

The three men worked on, always, without stopping.

And that went on, went on, until the evening! When 'twas nearly dark, they gathered up their tools, leapt over the ditch, came down the path the way they had come, and disappeared behind the gable-end.

Now it became deadly.

In the distance appeared a great black patch, which came slowly nearer. The patch turned into a lazy, slow-stepping ox, with a jolting, creaking wagon, in which sat a little old man who looked stupidly before him into the dark distance. The cart dragged along wearily, creeping through the sand, and first the ox, then the little fellow, then the wagon, disappeared behind the gable-end.

Now I felt something like fear, and I shivered; the evening came so slowly, so sadly, and I dared not think of the night that was to follow. 'Twas the first time in my life that I felt earnestly a-thinking. So, that path there became a life, a long-drawn-out, earnest life. . . . That was so plain in my head; and those boys had rolled and tumbled along that path; next, those big men had burdensomely, most burdensomely, turned over their earth; and that ox and that little fellow had joggled along it so pitifully. . . . That life was so earnest and I had seen it all from so far, from the outside of it: I did nothing, I took no part in it, and yet I lived—and must also one day go along that path.

And how?

Getting up in the morning, eating, playing, going to school, misbehaving, playing, eating, sleeping. . . .

The mist rose up out of the fields, and I saw nothing more.

I jumped off my box, begged father's pardon, and crept into bed.

Never again was I shut up in the loft.

THE END.

* Translated from the West-Flemish by A. Teixeira de Mattos.

* Sarel.

† Louis.

SATIRISING THE SMART SET ON THE GAIETY STAGE.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



Mr. Edmund Payne (Tippin).

"THE SMART SET," SUNG BY MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN., AND MR. EDMUND PAYNE, IN "THE NEW ALADDIN," AT THE GAIETY.

[SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."]

THE WORK OF AN EARTHQUAKE THAT DID £30,000,000 DAMAGE: VALPARAISO AFTER THE DISASTER.



1. BRAZIL AVENUE, WHICH WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED, AND IN WHICH SHELTER-SHEDS WERE ERECTED FOR SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO WERE MADE HOMELESS BY THE DISASTER.

3. THE VICTORIA THEATRE (WRECKED BY THE SECOND SHOCK), OF WHICH ONLY THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE THREE FLOORS REMAINED.

5. CONDELL STREET, ONE OF THE MOST DAMAGED THOROUGHFARES.

2. LA DELICIAS AVENUE, IN THE MORE ARISTOCRATIC DISTRICT, WHICH SUFFERED SEVERELY.

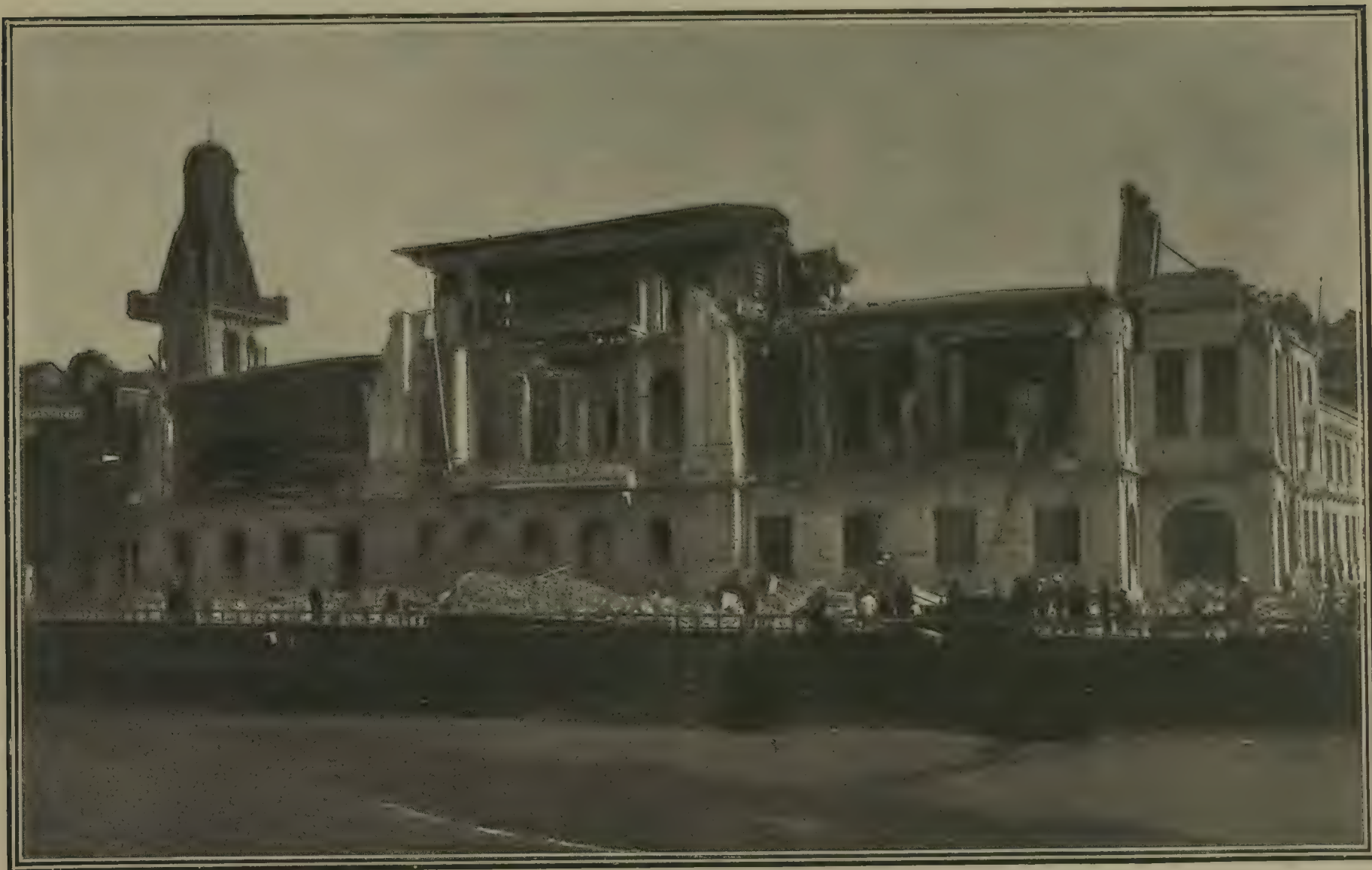
4. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DAMAGE IN BRAZIL AVENUE.

6. VICTORIA SQUARE AND DISTRICT, IN WHICH SCARCELY A BUILDING WAS LEFT INTACT, SHOWING THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VALPARAISO (O) AND THE REMAINS OF THE VICTORIA THEATRE (X).

The earthquake which visited South America on the 16th of August did enormous damage in the district round Valparaíso, from the Andes to the sea. Valparaíso was for the time a second San Francisco. All the terrors of the earthquake in the Californian city were there—earth tremors, fire, looting. It is estimated that some two thousand five hundred were killed in Valparaíso alone, and £30,000,000 damage done.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

THE RUIN OF THE SECOND CITY OF THE PACIFIC:

THE DISASTER WROUGHT BY THE EARTHQUAKE AT VALPARAISO.



THE REMAINS OF THE NAVAL CLUB AND THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT,
WHICH COLLAPSED AT THE SECOND SHOCK.

All the Chilean naval officers were members of the Club, which was built in 1893. The office of the Captain of the Port was on the right-hand side of the building.



THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF LA MERCED, WHICH WAS UTTERLY DESTROYED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

THE BALLOON IN PEACE: THE ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE RECORD FOR A LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT.

THE RACE FOR THE GORDON BENNETT BALLOON CUP.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 6, 1906.—478



1. EQUIPPED AS FOR AN ARCTIC VOYAGE: THE CAR OF M. SANTOS DUMONT'S BALLOON, SHOWING THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF BAGGAGE CARRIED.

2. A "BALLON D'ESSAI," IN THE FORM OF A MAN, SENT UP TO TEST THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

3. THE SCENE AT THE START OF THE RACE: SOME OF THE BALLOONS READY FOR FLIGHT.

4. M. SANTOS DUMONT'S "LES DEUX-AMÉRIQUES" IN FLIGHT: SHOWING THE MOTOR-DRIVEN PROPELLERS USED TO REPLACE BALLAST AND TO ACT AS A BRAKE IN RISING OR FALLING.

5. ONE OF THE BRITISH COMPETITORS: MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER IN THE "CITY OF LONDON" (77,000 CUBIC FEET).

The great balloon race for the Gordon Bennett Cup started from the Tuileries Gardens on the afternoon of Sunday last, the 30th of September. The British competitors were three: Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, in the "City of London"; Professor A. K. Huntington, in the "Zephyr"; and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, in the "Britannia." Comte Henri de la Vaulx, one of the representatives of France, started holder of the balloon record for both time and distance—that is, 41 hours 5 min., and 1195 miles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER.

THE BALLOON IN WAR.

FROM THE PICTURE BY R. ARUS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 6, 1906.—479

SAVING THE POST: AN ATTACK ON A BALLOON-COURIER FROM BESIEGED PARIS, OCTOBER 1870.

"THE BONDMAN" DRAMATISED FOR DRURY LANE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



Jason
(Mr. Frank Cooper).

Greeba
(Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

Martha
(Miss Henrietta Watson).

Maria
(Miss Pamela Hope).

GREEBA DENOUNCES JASON AS A SPY SEEKING THE LIFE OF HER HUSBAND, THE PRESIDENT, MICHAEL SUNLOCKS.

Greeba: "That is the . . . the spy you are in search of. I charge him with being in this house to make an attempt on the life of the President."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A STARTLING INCIDENT DURING THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE: A MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE ANSWERING A CALL. A call of fire was received while the King and Queen were in Marischal College, the streets were cleared, and a motor fire-engine dashed past the carriages awaiting their Majesties in answer to it. The fire, which was in a street near by, did comparatively little damage, but the incident caused a good deal of excitement.



Photo, Topical Press.

THE PLANT-FILLED "HORSESHOE" AT WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN LUNCHEONED WITH LORD PROVOST SIR ALEXANDER LYON AT ABERDEEN. On arrival at the Town House the King knighted Lord Provost Lyon, whose guest he was. Among those at the luncheon were their Majesties' suite, Lord and Lady Strathcona, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Secretary for Scotland, and Sir Frederick and Lady Treves.



TESTING THE EFFECT OF GREAT WATER-PRESSURE ON A SUBMARINE: RAISING THE "SOUFFLEUR" AFTER SINKING HER TO A DEPTH OF ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET AT TOULON.

In order to test the effect of great pressure on a submarine, the French naval authorities recently sank the "Souffleur" to a depth of 30 metres, afterwards raising her to the surface again by means of a fifty-ton pontoon-crane. It may be interesting to note here that, according to Mr. Siebe, the greatest depth to which any diver has descended is 204 feet.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY AGENCE MONDIALE.]



Photo, Supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

AN ACTIVE VOLCANO THAT RECENTLY SPRANG FROM AMONG THE BOGOSLOVSK GROUP, BERING SEA.

The active volcano of which we give a photograph recently sprang from among the Bogoslovsk Group in the Bering Sea. It was ascended, at great risk, by officers of the Revenue cutter "Perry."



Photo, F. A. Grant.

A SPECIAL SERVICE OUTSIDE WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL FOR MEN ENGAGED ON THE RESTORATION.

Soon after the restoration of Winchester Cathedral began, the Dean and Chapter arranged a special service for the workmen each Friday afternoon. This is held outside the Cathedral if the weather is fine.

THE CAMERA AS RIVAL TO THE ARTIST:

NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

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THE SUPPLIANT.

BY S. ELWIN NEAME.

THE CAMERA AS RIVAL TO THE ARTIST: NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.



MID-OCEAN.—F. J. MORTIMER.



MAKING TO EARTH.
CHARLES M. COOPER.



APPLES.
EDWARD SEYMOUR.



GOLDEN EAGLE (FROM LIFE).
OLIVER G. PIKE.



THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.—LOUIS J. STEELE.



FIGHTING SEA-LIONS.—E. MARTIN-DUNCAN.



ST. CATHERINE.—MRS. G. A. BARTON.



LADY AND CHILD.—CAVENDISH MORTON.



ON THE DUNES.—E. T. HOLDING.



THE STORY-BOOK.—RUDOLPH DÜHRKOPF.



THE PICTURE-BOOK.—GEORGE EASONSMITH.



THE NATION'S PICTURES.—E. T. HOLDING.



"WHO IS IT?"—T. LEE SYMS.



A STUDENT OF ENGLISH.—T. H. COX.

“WHERE MANY A BARGE DOTH SAILE.”

NOTABLE WORKS AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



LONDON BRIDGE, FROM THE RIVERSIDE.—JAMES GALE.



EVENING.—E. WARNER.

THE ADVOCATE OF FREEDOM FROM THE SECLUSION OF THE HAREM: THE FAIRY PALACE OF PIERRE LOTI, AUTHOR OF "DÉSENCHANTÉES."



1. M. PIERRE LOTI'S WORK-ROOM.

2. THE SMALL WORK-ROOM.

3. THE SPELL OF EASTERN WORSHIP: THE MOSQUE.

4. THE ARAB ROOM.

5. THE THRONE IN THE CHINESE ROOM.

6. THE WONDERFUL CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE LOUIS XI. DINING-ROOM.

M. Viaud, better known as Pierre Loti, lives in the house of his fathers at Rochefort. The outside of his abode is quite unpretending, but within it is a marvel. Many periods and many countries have contributed to its decoration, and the influence of the East predominates. The author's two studies are more or less modern and European, and are filled with souvenirs of his adventures in many lands. One apartment is a Mohammedan mosque; another an Arab room worthy of an Emir; another, the Chinese room, was lately inaugurated by a luxurious fête. There M. Loti treasures a pair of slippers that belonged to the Empress of China. Needless to say, he has a Japanese pagoda with figures of Buddha and of Kwanon. His Louis XI. room is wonderful: lofty as the nave of a church and very spacious, it is softly lighted by stained-glass windows. There is a magnificent chimneypiece over a fireplace that could roast an ox, and the whole room is a perfect expression of the Middle Ages. An English translation of Pierre Loti's "Désenchantées" has just been published, under the title "Disenchanted," by Messrs. Macmillan. In the preface the author says: "This is a purely imaginary tale. . . The only real thing in it is the high level of culture now prevailing in the harems of Turkey, and the suffering which comes of it."

A CHURCH CONGRESS WHERE NEOLITHIC MAN ONCE DWELT.

DRAWING BY WILL B. ROBINSON; PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.



BARROW - IN - FURNESS, THE SCENE OF THIS YEAR'S CHURCH CONGRESS, AND SOME OF THE SPEAKERS.

The Church Congress, to which were added the attractions of an Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, was held this year at Barrow-in-Furness, from the 29th of September to the 5th of this month. It was the forty-sixth of its kind. Barrow is known to have been one of the homes of neolithic man, and, later, Celtic and Norse colonists settled there. In 1801 it had but eleven houses and sixty-five inhabitants; now between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand souls dwell there.

THE 18-H.P. NEW ARROL-JOHNSTON
AT KIRKMICHAEL.

MOTOR-RACING WITH LIMITED PETROL:

THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

MR. TOM THORNYCROFT DRIVING, WITH HIS
INJURED LEG IN A SLING HUNG FROM THE CAR.



THE 20-H.P. CLÉMENT AT THE HORSESHOE TURN,
DEVIL'S ELBOW.



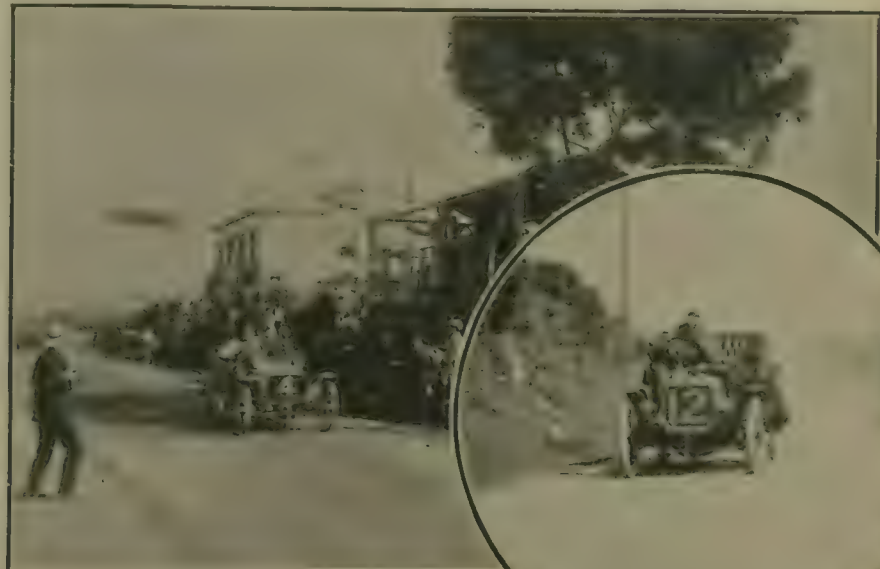
AT A DANGEROUS CURVE: THE ARROL-JOHNSTON TAKING THE
DEVIL'S ELBOW. NEAR KIRKMICHAEL.



THE RACE SEEN FROM A BALLOON: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE FROM ABOVE SNAEFELL.



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST STRETCHES
OF ROAD ON THE COURSE, NEAR
KIRKMICHAEL.



THE FINISH: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS
WINNING ON A 20-H.P. ROLLS-
ROYCE.

THE 16-H.P. ARGYLL GOING AT
FULL SPEED.

A MECHANIC BALANCING A CAR AT A SHARP
CORNER BY HANGING OVER THE SIDE.

Despite the difficulties of the course, the race produced but few mishaps, and those mechanical. The cars were limited to a gallon of petrol for every twenty-five miles, but the winner contrived, nevertheless, to attain an average speed of nearly forty miles an hour. The Hon. C. S. Rolls won the trophy on a 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce in 4 hours 6 min. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. A 22-h.p. Berliet was second in 4 hours 32 min. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; a 15 h.-p. Darracq third in 4 hours 42 min. 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Mr. Rolls finished with 21 ounces of petrol in his tank, the second driver with 15 ounces, the third with 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

FROM THE REVIEWERS' BOOKSHELVES.

THE history of Covent Garden Theatre, from its establishment in 1732 down to the present day, would supply material for twenty volumes, and Mr. Henry Saxe Wyndham, the energetic and painstaking secretary of the Guildhall School of Music, may be congratulated upon his success in saying all that needed saying within the moderate compass of two. Since the days of John Rich, more than a score of managers have directed the affairs of the famous Opera House, the best known, perhaps, to the fathers of this generation being Charles

England seemed to be still hanging in the balance, was profound. Henry's retreat from Clichy to Rome in 1747 bears, in fact, a near resemblance to treacherous desertion; until we remember how little his simple and dreamy nature was fitted for the political intrigue in which the accident of birth had involved him. Mr. Vaughan's book is a valuable addition to the Stuart literature, and he has handled the interesting materials at his disposal with considerable skill.

Mr. J. H. Crawford's "From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn" (John Lane) is a contribution to the natural history of Scotland. He has studied the fox, hare, and "small deer," the eagle and less lordly birds, at first

hand; and if he has nothing new to say about them he is, at all events, a well-informed companion, very much in earnest about the preservation of the distinctive beasts and birds of the country. Mr. Crawford has the instincts of the sportsman not less than those of the naturalist, and his sporting principles are strict. He would have the Highland

secret aversions to female society, its craven fears of matrimony. He believes that the full vision is less dangerous than glimpses; and we think we can perceive Alexa, as she commits her conundrums to the post and awaits enlightenment by return, agreeing with him. Perhaps the letter "On Being Delightful" is the most conspicuous for its shrewd wittiness in a procession of shrewdly witty counsels. "A woman with scars on her self-respect is never quite delightful." And again—"Learn early, dear student of life, to suffer bores gladly. Remember that in so doing you are making yourself delightful, not only to the poor bore, but also doubly delightful to the other persons present from whom you have drawn him off." Next to these pithy phrases come the salutary sharp thrusts of the letter on "Rudeness of Women"—e.g., in suburban railway-trains. This wise man does not need to be assured that the rudeness of women to men is inappreciable compared with the rudeness of women to women. *That* is colossal; and against its supreme stupidity Alexa is forewarned and forearmed.

Characteristic of the old sailor is "Links in my Life on Land and Sea" (Fisher Unwin): always unconventional, often ungrammatical, frank to recklessness, and redolent of a humour which is not unseldom cynical. Captain Gambier joined the Navy in time to go with the squadron to the Baltic during the Crimean War, and thenceforward, with intervals until the Russo-Turkish War, he visited nearly every corner of the world—South America, Australia, the Pacific Islands, Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, the Andamans, Siam, China, and Japan. The knowledge of languages he had acquired during a childhood spent in Italy and France afforded him opportunities of seeing life denied his fellows, and his love of adventure impelled him to make the most of them. Blessed with a retentive memory, and disregarding the *convenances*, he has produced a remarkably entertaining book. So greatly have we enjoyed it that we are disinclined to do more than suggest that some of his remarks on eminent personages now dead, and on less eminent individuals still alive, might have been omitted. These add "spice" to a work racy enough without them. The book is packed full of incident and adventure from cover to cover; and never for a page is it otherwise than bright and vigorous. The latter chapters, dealing with the Russo-Turkish War from the Turkish side, are painfully graphic. The author's sketch of wholesale executions in China pales beside those of the atrocities he witnessed in Turkey.

"The Viper of Milan" (Alston Rivers) is a remarkable book—without any qualifying considerations of Miss Marjorie Bowen's amazing youth. The fact that such a book should have to be "boomed" by paragraphs and advertisements is lamentable, because it is entitled to stand upon its own merits, claiming attention for itself. However, Messrs. Alston Rivers, no doubt, know their own business, and since the public powers of discrimination are deficient, they have been wise to supply their place by the bell of the town-crier. It would have been a bad business if this first work of a very young writer had been suffocated, as many good books have been, under the flood of rubbish which pours out of the printing-presses into the London market. A first novel which has historical accuracy, vivid colour and interest, and at the same time strong and consistent restraint, makes, indeed, a phenomenal appearance on the reviewer's table. The story is of the conflict between Galeazzo Visconti, the tyrant of Milan, and Mastino della Scala, Duke of Verona, the successor of Can' Grande, and its action surges up and down the plains of Lombardy, drenched



RIOT AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE DURING THE PLAYING OF "ARTAXERXES," 1763

Reproduced from "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Kemble, W. C. Macready, Madame Vestris, Frederick and Ernest Gye, and Louisa Pyne, while Colonel Mapleson, Sir Augustus Harris, and the Grand Opera Syndicate belong to the later years. In these days, when there are rumours that Covent Garden has served its purpose and must give way in the near future to a new Opera House, Mr. Saxe Wyndham's book is timely, and reminds us in pleasant fashion of the great scenes that have taken place on the site of the present theatre. Here Handel produced his "Athalia," and "Alexander's Feast," his "Samson" and his "Joshua"; here he made his appearance just a week before he died. At Covent Garden, "She Stoops to Conquer" was produced for the first time in 1773, and the "Rivals" first saw the light on the same stage two years later. In 1787, Braham made his debut, in 1806 Grimaldi was engaged at Covent Garden, and two years later fire came to the house, and Handel's organ was destroyed. In 1816, Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, made her first appearance at the National Opera House, and ten years later Weber's famous "Oberon" was produced there. Covent Garden saw Fanny Kemble's debut and the first production of "Fidelio"; Helen Faucit's debut, and Charles Kemble's farewell. It was the scene of the Royal Italian Opera's first exploits, in 1847, when Delafield was manager, and succeeded in losing £60,000 in two years. After it had been purged by fire once more (1856), Covent Garden became the scene of the debut of Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Carlotta Patti, and Albani, and many famous operas were produced for the first time in England within its walls—"Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," "Lohengrin," "Falstaff," and others too numerous to mention. Through all the history surrounding these events, the author of "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre" (Chatto and Windus) has made his way slowly and conscientiously, mastering all essential details, showing careful discrimination in his selection of material, and writing in the most pleasant fashion of everybody. Indeed, if we have any ground for complaint it is that Mr. Saxe Wyndham is perhaps too pleased with everything, that he has enthusiasm and to spare for all occasions, and that his general attitude is that of a man who thinks that the world of musical London could not possibly be better or brighter than it is.

The history of the Stuarts closed, after all, with a singularly decorous chapter—in the pious end of a mild old man who, without possessing distinctive ability or influence, had succeeded in maintaining both his high rank and his august ecclesiastical office with a level benignity. Just as nothing became the life of his royal ancestor so much as the leaving of it, so nothing became Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, so much as the trials of age and infirmity. He cut an indifferent figure during the turmoil of the '45, when Charles Edward flashed for a brief space into something approaching heroism. Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan, who has written the Cardinal's life-story in "The Last of the Royal Stuarts" (Methuen), rightly lays emphasis on the untimeliness of his entry into the Roman priesthood. It was one of those inopportune actions, far-reaching in its disastrous effects to the cause he never ceased to cherish, which typified in him the essential Stuart. His inability to appreciate his own error of judgment was not shared by his brother, whose resentment at this public exhibition of Catholic devotion, at a period when the loyalty of Protestant

fox preserved to the end that he might be hunted on foot, as in the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland, regardless apparently of climatic difficulties. He is an enthusiastic otter-hunter, and dreads the day when modern ideas shall be misapplied to that, now, purest of sports and artificialise it. Truth to tell, Mr. Crawford writes in somewhat pessimistic vein concerning the present generation of sportsmen: their method of playing golf, or their attitude towards that game, excites his melancholy apprehension. "Golf is no longer sincere," he says; a judgment that will, no doubt, be understood of them versed in its deeper mysteries. Mr. Crawford's style is rather jerky, and his outlook upon life is apt to border upon the gloomy; but he has his various subjects at his fingers' ends, and the teacher who learns direct from Nature's book is always worth hearing. Some of the illustrations are admirable, particularly those of nests *in situ* and of living animals.

Alexa, to whom the "Letters to a Daughter" (Werner Laurie) are addressed, must be accounted a lucky young



EAST FRONT OF THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN, AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE IN 1808.

Reproduced from "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre," by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

woman. If wisdom is to be gained by precept, it should be by precept with a spice in it, such as this fragment of the mutual correspondence contains. Lord Chesterfield's son had the polished admonitions of a noble philosopher to sustain him: Alexa, whose parent has applied himself with equal diligence to her worldly education, ought to find the paternal advice, if less superbly garnished, no less succinct and apposite. Mr. Hubert Bland gives his sex away freely—its elemental egoism, its

with the life and sunshine of that beautiful, blood-stained cockpit of the Italian Republics. There are uncertain touches in the earlier chapters—for instance, in the description of Schulembourg's imprisonment in his villa—but the concluding tragedy sweeps finely into place. It takes many pains to weave romance in this convincing fashion; we hope Miss Bowen will allow herself ample time and liberty before she produces its successor.

Savoy



Hotel

A Page of Praise from the London Press of September 3, 1906.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

SUNDAY EVENING AT THE SAVOY.

"There! That's what I think one of the prettiest views in all Yurrop!" The speaker, with his strong American accent, waved his hand in the direction in which he looked. His words came with a certain sense of incongruity, for we were not enjoying some vista of the Alps, some peep of the blue Danube, or a glimpse of the Tyrol in its summer glory. We stood at the top of the broad staircase of the Savoy Hotel late at night, and looked away through the softly glowing foyer with its lounges and little tables to the brighter dining-room beyond, with the electric light diffusing itself from a hundred points over the white room and its wealth of flowers. Not exactly one's notion of European scenery, perhaps, but a wonderful example of what decorative art can accomplish, for the whole picture was of one piece; there was not a discordant note anywhere, and the eye took in the whole scene as a single canvas—a representation in actual life of the poetry of dining in the twentieth century.

The thermometer stood at anything extreme in the shade, yet here the warmth was tempered a little. The slightest of breezes fresh from the river breathed through the open windows. Electric fans hummed quietly, but the chief suggestion of coolness was in the rooms themselves, in the spotless whiteness of the colouring, in the severe simplicity of the decoration, and in the flowers which, here in groups, there in baskets, and again in clinging festoons, sent their fresh odour into the air. Everything was beautifully new and exquisite, and the diners—the ladies in their gowns and the men in quiet black—were part of the whole scene, fitting in as if all had been ordained exactly as it was. Soft strains of music combining with the hum of conversation reduced all the sounds of the place to a gentle, flowing accompaniment to the progress of the courses.

And the dinner which marked the opening of the freshly decorated rooms was worthy of the reputation of the Savoy, each dish carrying with it, as it were, the unmistakable evidence of a culinary genius in the background; and the whole, from the native oysters at the beginning to the "pêches glacée vanille" at the close, making up a perfect meal for so warm an evening. Then there was coffee in the foyer, with its soft reflected illumination and restful colouring, and with the band still playing music of the light and pleasant order to which conversation goes so well when one has dined and is at peace with the world. The company, too, was a pleasant study, for here was not the crowd of the height of the season, but America and Europe on its travels, sibilant French and purring American giving variety to the talk of the English diners who, back from the holiday, were realising that, after all, London is the place in which to dine.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

DINING A FINE ART.

Epicures are possibly getting more exacting in their demands. They still insist upon, and obtain, dishes which can only be prepared by the most able of culinary artists, but nowadays the patronage of people with perfect palates will only go to those restaurants which are decorated in a style worthy of the excellent viands their proprietors provide. To enjoy a good dinner, they say, the surroundings must be congenial. The restaurant of the Savoy Hotel has lately been modernised, if the term may be used of saloons which were only opened in August, 1889, and the redecoration has been planned on ideas which are as near perfection as possible. The dining apartment has been rendered brighter by the substitution of pure white enamelled walls in place of the dark mahogany panels which were the feature of the room for seventeen years. Screens in keeping with the general scheme of adornment provide cosy corners, while a mass of tropical and sub-tropical flowers, together with a wealth of beautiful floral designs, are so arranged that the groups of tables have the appearance of being set in alcoves of plants. When the restaurant was reopened on Sunday evening numerous electric lights of soft-tinted hues were cunningly hidden among the foliage, and the many tiny electric fans which drew in fresh air from the Embankment Gardens so cooled the place on a sultry night that it did not need a big stretch of the imagination to believe that one was taking a meal in some pastoral beauty spot. All the tables are illuminated by lamps covered with delicate shades in the style of the Louis Seize period, and when the room was full of diners the effect was charming. With such environment the gourmet will continue to make the Savoy his Mecca for a long time to come.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

THE SAVOY REDECORATED.

SPECIAL TO THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

What is your beau-ideal of a room to dine in during the hot days of summer? If a good fairy waved a wand and you find yourself in a beautiful room all white, a room of snow, with Corinthian columns all of white, and panelling of the same colour; a room with just sufficient ornamentation to obviate sameness; a room with great mirrors at its ends, framed in white wood to resemble casements; a room in which there are flowers everywhere, looped on the cornices, in great bouquets before the mirrors; a room where on the delicate napery of the tables the lamps are shaded with silken covers which Boucher might well have designed—will not that room be as near perfection to dine in on a hot summer evening as man can conceive?

And if this beautiful Georgian room of the coolest of all colours has a balcony which looks out upon gardens, and a great drive alongside a broad river, with the lights on the bridges throwing quivering reflections into the water, and if beyond, under the light of the harvest moon, the towers of a great palace and of a cathedral rise, silver and purple, in light and shade, will not that balcony be a glorious place to sit and muse over a cigarette and coffee, while the Tzigane band, heard across the distance of the rooms, is playing Roumanian love-songs?

The good fairy has given us this room only a few steps away from the strenuous, prosaic Strand, for it is the great restaurant of the Savoy, redecorated, and with its ceiling heightened, and a very beautiful banqueting hall it is, in which to eat the delicate viands which Maitre Thouraud prepares hard by in his white-walled kitchens.

THE TIMES.

SAVOY HOTEL RESTAURANT.—This restaurant, which has just been redecorated throughout, was opened to the public again last night. An entirely new scheme of decoration has been adopted with excellent results. Formerly the walls and other parts of the room were of a dark mahogany colour. This has now been done away with and its place taken by a soft white, which is most effective in heightening the brilliance of the scene when the restaurant, lighted with innumerable electric lamps, is thronged by some 300 to 350 guests. The table lamps are newly furnished with delicate shades in the style of the Louis Seize period, while the floral decoration of the tables and of the room itself are both original and beautiful. In marked contrast to the oppressive heat now prevailing is the temperature of the restaurant, which is cool and pleasant; while the view from the open windows, which overlook the Thames and the Embankment Gardens and afford charming glimpses of the Towers of Westminster, is one of the most attractive in London. The restaurant, which is under the management of M. Renaud, is provided with music by the string band known as the Eco di Napoli, and the whole of the arrangements, as well as the cuisine, are in every respect worthy of the high reputation deservedly won and maintained by the Savoy Hotel.

DAILY MAIL.

The Savoy restaurant was reopened yesterday after being closed for a month for alteration and redecoration, and last night, in its new and delicate garb, it was a picture worth a visit for the sight alone. A scheme of pink and white had replaced dark mahogany, and gave one a delightful impression of coolness. The walls and ceiling are dead white, the curtains being of pink and white silk, and the carpet dark green. Each of the small tables was delicately toned with pink and white carnations, with the electric lamp shades in harmony. The whole produced a picture charming in its coolness and artistic effect. The large supports or pillars in the restaurant have been considerably lessened, and the effect of the mirrors has been improved. The total result is an impression of space and lightness unknown before. Over two hundred visitors were present in the restaurant for dinner last night.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC.

ART IN THE RESTAURANT.

The Savoy Restaurant was one of the few cool places in London last night. It was cool according to the thermometer, and this coolness was enhanced by the charming simplicity and exquisite taste which have been expended upon its redecoration just completed. No daintier surroundings could possibly be imagined or desired by the diner-out—and we are all given to this practice nowadays than the main restaurant now offers. The entire scheme is in white, not severe nor yet overburdened with detail, but perfect in taste. The lighting is carried out in very attractive style, the many lights being so screened as to preclude all possibility of glare and to shed a sufficient and even brightness throughout the spacious room. The red carpet, the last remnant of the heavier style of restaurant furnishing, has disappeared, and one of a delicate green has taken its place. Tables were in great demand last night, and it is safe to say that the fame of the Savoy will be set higher than before by the latest efforts towards perfection.

ART NOTES.

THE reopening of the Art-Schools sees at least one important change in the staff of professors. Mr. R. Phené Spiers, F.R.I.B.A., retires from the Royal Academy School of Architecture, where he has done good service for many years, and Mr. A. de Cruchy is appointed to succeed him. The dinner given last year to Mr. Spiers by Fellows of his profession, with Sir Aston Webb at their head, was a preliminary warning of the

provides the Slade with all four of its masters, but also sends a lecturer to Gower Street. For Mr. D. S. McColl, Director of the Tate Gallery, whose illuminating lectures at University College are delivered primarily for the benefit of Slade students, is a constant contributor to the exhibitions of the New English Art Club. This most revolutionary of English Art societies does not end its mission there, for its heretical teachings—Mr. Sargent is the only Academician who openly approves them—are promulgated in Liverpool by Mr. Chowne, a member of

than by practical jokes. There is no ordeal nowadays other than that of the visits of the feared professors. Mr. C. L. Hind gives an account in "The Education of an Artist" of quite recent experiences in the studios of Paris. He was dipped into no tar, decorated with no feathers; but astonishment assailed him when he found that he must not smoke while a certain teacher made his rounds; all pipes were obedient to this master's dislike. Would even the London student, one wonders, carry his deference so far?



The King.

"IT GIVES ME MUCH PLEASURE TO OPEN THESE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC AND HIGHER EDUCATION":
THE KING MAKING HIS SPEECH IN THE QUADRANGLE OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

A special platform had been built for the royal ceremony, and on this were many distinguished personages. After Principal Lang had read an address from the members of the University of Aberdeen, the King made a speech declaring the new buildings open. In the course of this speech his Majesty referred to the close association which many of his predecessors, especially his mother, had with the University.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDIE.]

intended retirement; but doubtless the Royal Academy will not lose all sight of Mr. Spiers, who has ever been the most indefatigable of private-viewers at Burlington House, and as constant as the President himself at all R.A. ceremonies.

At the Slade School Professor Frederick Brown still fills the honourable place of Professor Legros, and has for his lieutenants Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Henry Tonks, and Mr. Russell. The New English Art Club not only

the Club; and in Chelsea, at its own art-school, by Mr. Orpen, Mr. McEvoy, and Mr. Augustus John.

Doubtless at the beginning of the autumn term many new students in Paris, and, in a lesser degree, in London, enter the life-classes with more or less hesitancy. They have read, perhaps, Du Maurier's account of art-school manners, or, perhaps, Stevenson's; and the tradition of tarring and feathering is always in the air. In reality, the new-comer will be embarrassed by civilities rather

A statue of Gabriele Rossetti, the father of the Rossettis, is to be set up at Vasto, his birthplace.—W.M.

The directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the six months to July 31, 1906. They have also declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the preference shares for the six months to Sept. 25, 1906, the warrants for which have been posted.

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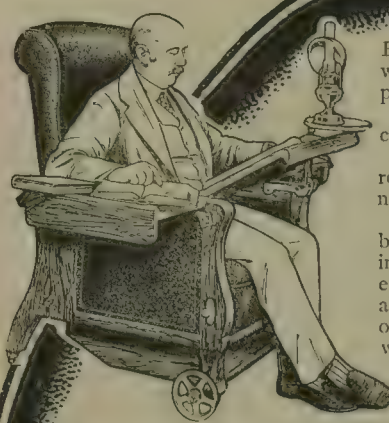


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LADIES' PAGES.

ABERDEEN University, in common with all the other Scotch Universities, is as freely open to women as to men. This dates from the year 1892, when a special Act of Parliament was brought into operation permitting the opening of all degrees in Scotland to women at the option of the several governing bodies of those institutions of learning; that option was accepted by all the authorities, and not only the classes and degrees, but as far as possible all the scholarships (known in the Scots tongue as bursaries) and other aids to the acquirement of learning by the children of parents of moderate means, were thrown open to girls on equal terms with young men. In Aberdeen University nearly all the classes are mixed; an exception is only made in those classes where separation is clearly desirable—a few of the medical subjects, including anatomy. In Glasgow University, on the other hand, nearly all the education is given separately, but quite on equal terms. The Queen, who has so often shown her interest in the higher education of women, would be specially interested in the participation of the women students in the recent ceremonies.

Inadequate recognition is often given to the extent to which the late good Queen and the present gracious and beloved Consort of the King have encouraged the advance in the education of women. It is impossible for personages in their station to make any pointed demonstration of sympathy with novel movements; they have to head the whole nation. They would be stepping outside their function if they were to display great sympathy with any proposed social change that has not yet succeeded in making good its claim to public approval. The first persons to move in any direction must be somewhat in the position of the scout—ahead of the main body, lonely and uncomraded. The official heads of our society, on the contrary, must retain their position at the front of the main body of opinion, bound only to indicate from time to time their approval of the course in which reforms that commend themselves to their judgment may be tending. Now, both the late and the present Queen have given just as much assistance as they could wisely afford to the higher education of women. Queen Victoria, from the first, showed great interest in the development of the education of her people. It is not generally known, but it is a fact recorded in the Life of Lord Melbourne, her first Premier, that very soon after her accession the girl Queen, on her own motion, wrote a letter to her Ministers requesting them to take into consideration, as a point of urgent and immediate consequence, the provision of State education for the people. Queen's College, the very first of all institutions designed to give women an education on University lines and of the standard of a pass degree, was founded in 1848, and the late Queen gave her express permission to have this new departure called by her name, and she subscribed liberally to its funds—a small matter it may seem now,



A SUPERB EVENING CLOAK.

This handsome wrap is made of brocade satin having pink roses raised on a white ground. The trimmings are guipure lace and a stole of ermine.

when girls' higher education is commonplace, but in fact a step of much importance in its day, and one that it needed some courage to take on her Majesty's part. Later on, we all well remember still the impetus that was given to girls becoming "sweet graduates," by the present Queen's consenting to accept the Honorary degree of Doctor of Music, and allowing one of the most charming of her many beautiful photographs to show her wearing the doctoral cap and robes.

It is a coincidence that just when the royal visit to Aberdeen University calls all this to mind, the death has taken place of a lady who did a great deal to help women's education in those early times above mentioned. Mrs. William (Maria Georgiana) Grey, who published, in conjunction with her sister, Miss Shirriff, a notable book called "Thoughts on Self-Culture addressed to Women," over sixty years ago, has passed away at the age of ninety-one. Her chief work was founding the "National Union for Improving the Education of Women" in 1871, of which Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) became President—of course with the sanction of Queen Victoria, for the junior members of the Royal Family took no step of the kind without her approval. The Union organised the Girls' Public Day School Company, which has now so many successful schools and has been of such widespread service in improving the standard of the education of middle-class girls. The mistresses of those Girls' High Schools, too, are a splendid body of women, co-operating with ardour and ability in their work, and the Heads are generally worthy to rank with the best educationists of any period. In recognition of Mrs. Grey's services to the work, when the Union determined to establish a much-needed Training College for Women Secondary Teachers, it was called after her, and as the Maria Grey Training College it still carries on excellent work. Mrs. Grey was, both by birth and marriage, "in society," and thus had special power of helping the cause that she regarded as so important.

A death that recalls early Victorian times is recorded, that of the widow of the famous cook Francatelli. He would casually observe, "This soup was the only soup eaten by the Queen while I had the honour of serving her Majesty." The recipe to which he attached this statement was a very delicious as well as nourishing one, which I often have made in my kitchen, and will pass on to my readers. Francatelli named it "Victoria soup." Wash half a pound of pearl barley in hot water, and put it into a stewpan with three pints of good veal stock, and simmer very gently for two hours over a small fire. By this time the barley will be quite soft and nearly dissolved. Remove a third of it into a small pan and keep it hot while you rub the remainder through a fine sieve. Put this purée back with the whole barley, add half a pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir over the fire till quite hot, and serve. The veal stock used in making this soup should be nicely flavoured with mace and a few cloves, and a small quantity of onion. The

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recipe gives equally good results if rice is used instead of barley. The soup is as nourishing as it is delicate and delicious, and very suitable for a convalescent.

It is encouraging to see how much interest is awakened by any reference to household economy. I have quite a budget of correspondence about the disadvantages of white flour, and the difficulty of obtaining stone-ground and wholemeal flour. One correspondent suggests that if several persons would ask any baker to use stone-milled flour he would willingly find the right article and make up a supply of bread of this nutritive character. This might be managed in country places, but in London, where nobody knows his neighbours in the street, it is not practicable. A pamphlet that has been forwarded to me upon the same important topic points out that wheat is a food that requires great labour to produce—a fact that should make us the more ashamed to waste the essential part of the resultant benefit—while at the same time it is, if it be given human attention, more adaptable than almost any plant. "It is cultivated in the hot plains of India; it grows in the cold of Siberia; and has even been cultivated successfully within two hundred and fifty miles of Klondike." But it requires, first, ploughed land, and to prepare a field of fifty acres the ploughman and his team have to travel up and down over no less than four hundred and twenty-five miles; then the grain must be sown, and the field rolled and harrowed. In due course the ripened grain must be reaped, and then gathered, threshed, ground, and finally kneaded and baked; all this before a loaf of bread can be produced. How deplorable that the full nutriment should then not be obtained! But owing to the modern craze for whiteness the germ-layer which surrounds the white kernel, the layer that contains a large part of the most valuable portion of the wheat, is removed and wasted.

The genuine wholemeal flour loaf is not the same as that usually sold as brown bread; this too often is made only of the white meal mixed with bran, which is the coarse outermost coat of the wheat that is useless in the human economy and often harmful to the digestion. Bread made from stone-ground wholemeal flour is indeed golden brown in colour, but evenly so, and smooth in texture. "It is far more palatable and pleasant than white, and will keep good for many days. Roller-ground flour makes bread which is dry and crumbly within a few hours, is tasteless, produces indigestion, and gives little satisfaction." The writer of the pamphlet suggests that the Government should appoint a Commission to investigate the subject with regard to the food of the Army and Navy; and probably if this were done, and the national forces were fed from rightly prepared bread, the rest of us would be able to obtain it in the ordinary course of daily life. Meantime, those of my readers who are in a position to have bread made at home or to their order, can consider the subject for themselves, and find



A CLOTH GOWN FOR THE SEASON.

Purple cloth is trimmed with velvet of a darker tone of the same colour, and large enamel buttons. The felt hat is trimmed with velvet of the shade of the cloth, and shaded wings.

out millers who prepare stone-ground flour with the germ-layer of the wheat not removed from it, and have it baked for their own households and tenantry.

Sir Herbert Marshall, whose name is well known to music-lovers throughout the country, is responsible for a musical innovation that is meeting with extraordinary success and appreciation, namely, the incorporation of the "Angelus" self-playing device into the Brinsmead and other high-grade pianos. This wedding of a high-class piano-player, including its unique features of the Phrasing Lever, Melody Stops, and Diaphragm Pneumatics, with a fine modern piano has given a new impetus to piano study and enjoyment. The "Angelus" pianos do not differ in appearance from ordinary pianos, and may be played either on the keyboard in the usual way or with the aid of the "Angelus" music-roll as desired. They are thus equally valuable to those who are technically accomplished in music and to those who are not. Anyone can play an "Angelus" piano. Of course, those who feel attached for any reason to their present piano would probably prefer to obtain a Cabinet "Angelus" Piano-Player and play the two together rather than purchase one of the "Angelus" pianos. In view of the great perfection to which these instruments have been brought, we may anticipate that before long every refined home will possess one or other of these instruments. Besides the great house of Brinsmead, various of the best German and American makers have co-operated with Sir Herbert Marshall by having the "Angelus" built into their instruments. A fine selection of these may be seen at any time at Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233, Regent Street, W.

One very distinctive feature about some new coats is the high line of the waist behind, sloping to the front, which is also rather high. The most fashionable line for the little coat to describe across the back is very near the shoulder-blades, thence sloping rapidly down under the arms towards the front. Under the straight and stiff line so crossing the back there may perchance be a high belt that encircles a blouse, or a corselet top of the skirt; or possibly the skirt itself, lifted high and banded into a sort of Watteau pleat, falls out from beneath the line of the coat; many diversities in the skirt are possible without losing the high-waisted effect of the back view. Even when a sac-coat is chosen, it is often cut slightly shaped at the back seams, so as to give the short-waisted effect; while other coats that have a little basque display the said basque applied at an imaginary waist-line some inches higher than the hip that naturally marks the waist. It is very absurd, and while it is new, as it is so far even in the most fashion-following circles in town, it looks slovenly and inelegant; but if the high-waisted effect is going to be "the thing," these details of foolishness and untidiness will not count for any important factor. These coats and boleros are described as "the new Empire," but the long line that falls from the bust in the true Empire style is entirely lacking in these short-waisted separate garments. FILOMENA.

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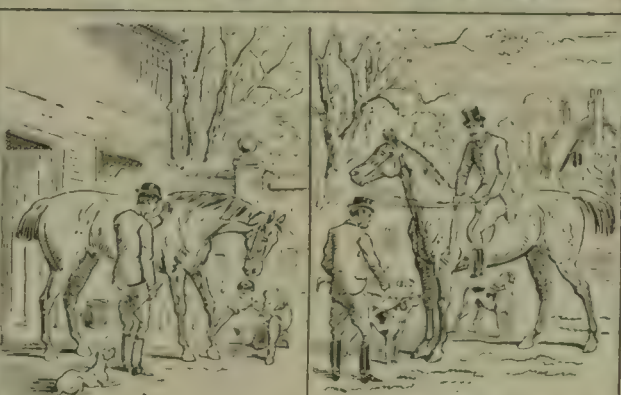
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CATTLE.—Common Diseases of, with Prescriptions. Pages 153 to 163.

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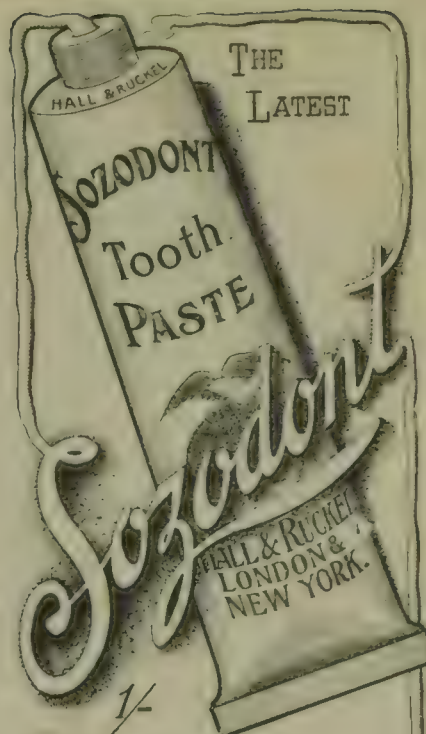
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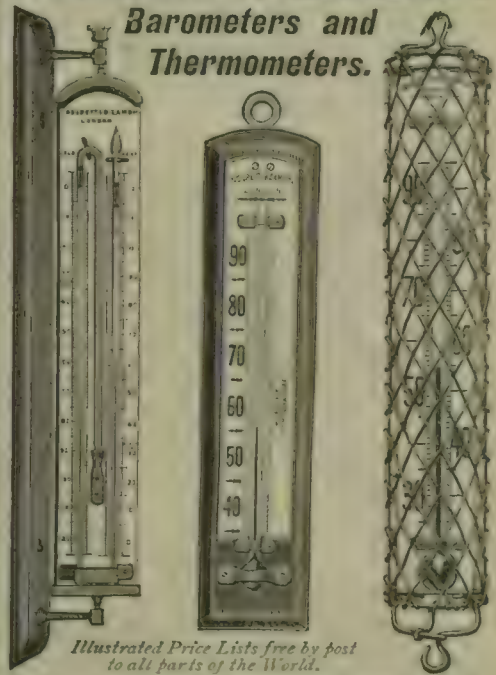
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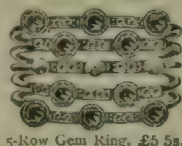


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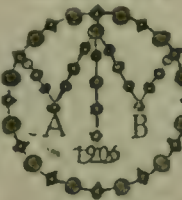
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Birmingham is taking a warm personal interest in the Street Boys' Union, organised by the Old Edwardians. It is estimated that 10,000 Birmingham lads spend most of their lives in the streets, and the scheme for their benefit is to be developed into a great social organisation. A settlement-house and a head missionary will be required, and an income of about £400 a year is to be raised.

The Barrow Church Congress was remarkable for the high intellectual level attained by many of the papers read by clergy and laymen. The list of subjects was chosen with great skill. The presence of the Editor of the *Spectator*, of Sir Robert Hunter, of Canon Knowling, and of the Right Hon. Victor Cavendish, M.P., would alone have given distinction to this memorable occasion.

The Bishop of London has opened his winter's work by addressing the men's meeting in connection with the Barrow Congress. He received an enthusiastic welcome. Dr. Winnington-Ingram has a very full programme of engagements for the autumn.

The Bishop of Truro will be consecrated on St. Andrew's Day in London. His decision to live at Lis Escop, the episcopal residence, has given much satisfaction in the diocese.

The new organist of Birmingham Cathedral, Mr. Edwin Stephenson, has had an interesting career. When only fourteen he was appointed organist and choirmaster of the Church of Carmel Priory in the Lake Country. He studied at the Royal College of Music, and has been organist for five years past at St. Michael's, Brighton.

The Bishop of Southwark usually takes his holiday in the autumn, and he has gone abroad with Mrs. Talbot until the second week in October.

The Bishop of Liverpool gave a beautiful address last week in acknowledging the gifts of his clergy on the occasion of his silver wedding. The affection felt for Dr. and Mrs. Chavasse in the diocese was happily expressed in the speeches of Archdeacon Madden and

Canon Penrhyn, and in the address, to which the first signature is that of Chancellor Espin. The Chancellor was prevented from attending the presentation ceremony owing to a sharp attack of rheumatism. The gifts took the form of a fine old English clock and a set of silver plate.—V.

The Earl of Bessborough (chairman) and the Directors of Bovril, Limited, recently entertained a distinguished company at their new model premises in Old Street. The Company's guests watched the process of manufacturing Bovril with much interest, especially in view of the fact that the product is not once touched by hand.

The Brighton and South Coast and Great Western Railway Companies have decided to continue the week-day through train between Brighton and Paddington during the winter months, as the extra facility has proved a valuable connecting link between the numerous towns on the South Coast and the large area served by the trains of the Great Western Railway.



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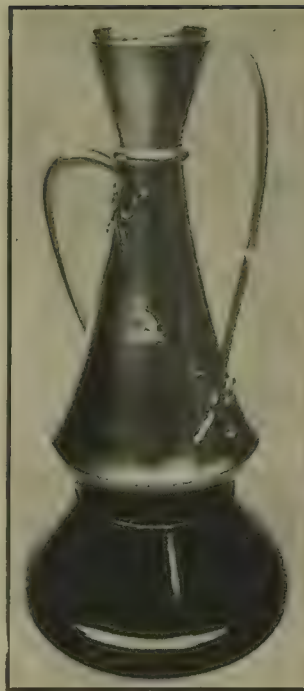


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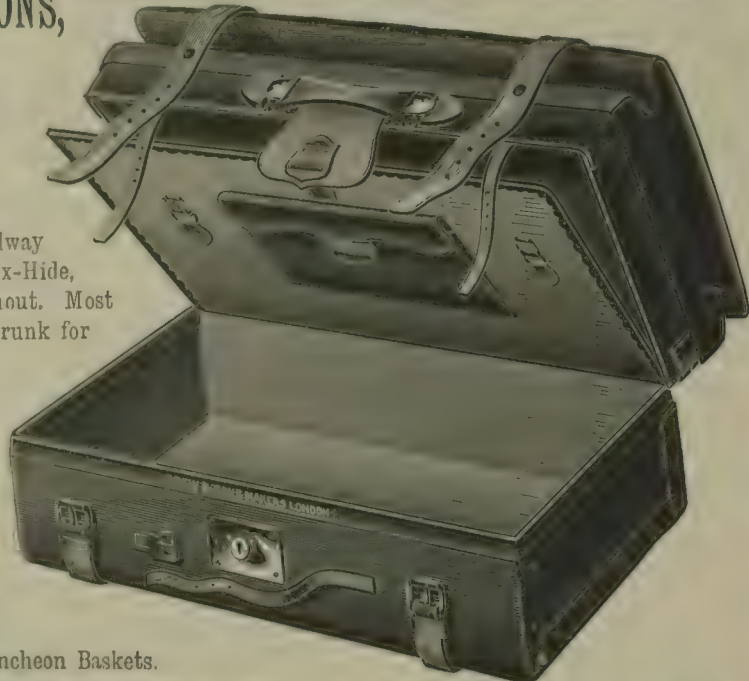
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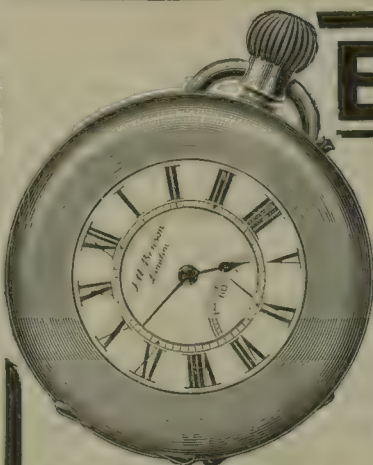
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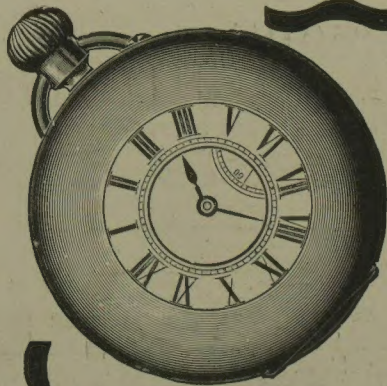
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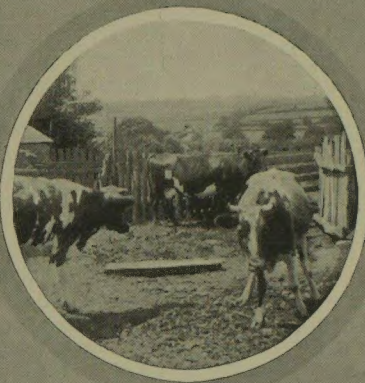
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MUSIC.

THE OPERA SEASON.

THE autumn season at the Royal Opera House, announced to open on Friday night, starts under very favourable auspices. The King and Queen have given their patronage to the season, the subscription-list is an excellent one, and great artists have been engaged. Mr. Frank Rendle is associated with the Grand Opera Syndicate, Limited, and the San Carlo Opera Company in the present undertaking, and Mr. Neil Forsyth will, of course, fill his usual place as manager. Madame Melba will share with Madame Giachetti the rôle of prima donna. Madame Kirkby Lunn will make her first appearance in an autumn season, and will sing "Carmen" in Italian on Monday night. Signor Zenatello, who made such a very successful début in London last autumn, returns to sing the leading tenor rôles; and Signor Fazzini, who was heard in the spring, has also been engaged. Special interest attaches to the return to Grand Opera of Madame Suzanne Adams, who has only been heard on the concert platform since her bereavement; and the management have secured the services of Signor Mugnone in the conductor's seat. This is sufficient to guarantee well-thought-out performances of every opera, for although Signor Mugnone is a disciplinarian of the strictest kind, he is admitted, even by those who fret under his rule, to be a master of his business in all its branches, and a worker to whom fatigue is a stranger. Many singers will make their first appeal to a London audience during the next two months, but it is better to leave one and all to justify the good reports that have been their passports to Covent Garden, and not to rehearse them here. It is understood that the season will last for at least eight weeks, and this means, presumably, that if the weather is favourable and the public responds satisfactorily, it may run on a little longer still.

The programme includes two novelties—Giordano's "Fedora," and Catalani's "Lorelei," while Verdi will

be represented by five operas and Puccini by four, and we are to hear old favourites like "Carmen," "Faust," and "Don Giovanni." All the operas will be sung in Italian. It is worthy of remark that the prices for the autumn season are practically the same as those that prevail at the leading London theatres. Amphitheatre stalls are being reserved, and a great part of the orchestra stalls will cost no more than half a guinea, save on nights when Melba is singing.

We have now reached the time when twenty weeks of the year are given to performances of Grand Opera; it is not unlikely that there will be six months of opera in 1907, for the public taste is widening in that direction, and Covent Garden is responding to it. The usual series of Fancy Dress Balls will be given on alternate Fridays during the present season, and on those nights, of course, there will be no opera; while for the convenience of those who live far out in the country, and others who do not face the night air in October and November with perfect equanimity, there will be Saturday matinées. In short, it may be said that the new season promises to be successful from an artistic and a financial point of view, while both the programme and those engaged to carry it out are calculated to inspire the musical public with confidence.

Motorists will be interested to note that, in the recent Tourist Trophy Race, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, on his Dunlop-tyred Rolls-Royce car, created a record for touring cars by covering the course at an average speed of nearly forty miles an hour. Of the forty-nine cars originally entered for the contest, twenty-nine actually started, and it is worthy of note that the first, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth cars were fitted with the same make of tyres—namely, Dunlops. This enterprising firm supplied novelties in two captive balloons, which were fixed in an advantageous position, and from which a fine view of the race was obtained.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Aug. 10, 1905), with a codicil, of RONALD RUTHVEN, EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE, K.T., P.C., of Glenferness, Nairnshire, and Roehampton House, Surrey, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 24 by Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., Frederick Huth Jackson, and George Macan, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £1,300,013 6s. 11d. The testator gives all his real and leasehold estates, except his freehold property in Lombard Street, with the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his eldest son; £10,000, an annuity of £5000, furniture and plate of the value of £1000, and the use of certain jewels and pictures, to his wife; £50,000, in trust, for his daughter Lady Constance Betty Leslie Melville; a sum not exceeding £20,000 for the formation of a family burying place at his Scotch seat; £300 a year to his cousin Louisa Forster; £1000 to his wife and eldest son for giving starts to deserving lads; £500 each to his executors; £1000 each to Mrs. Kathleen Mabel Farrer and Henry L. Farrer; £500 each to Miss Synnat, Henry Patten, Dr. Montague Lubbock, the widow of Dr. Reginald Southey, his old friend and gardener Chillman, and his valet Davis; and other legacies to friends and servants. A sum not exceeding £40,000, should his Majesty graciously accord the permission, is to be used in restoring and repairing the chapel at Holyrood Palace, so that it can be used for the Order of the Thistle. As to the residue of his personal property and his freehold in Lombard Street, he leaves eight twenty-fourths thereof, in trust, for the person who shall be Lord Leven and Melville, seven twenty-fourths to his eldest son, three twenty-fourths to his other sons, and two twenty-fourths each, in trust, for his sons Archibald Alexander, David William, and Ian.

The will (dated April 17, 1894), with thirteen codicils, of MR. JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, of 129, King's Road, Brighton, has been proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £80,133. The testator bequeaths £500 each

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If you have not already purchased the new edition of Mrs. Beeton's splendid large book on Household Management, published at 7s. 6d. net, remember you can obtain it FREE in exchange for Lemco Weight Coupons representing 5 lbs. Lemco.

N.B.—WEIGHT COUPONS ONLY accepted for Mrs. Beeton's Household Management. They will be found under capsule of every jar.

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Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified
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Established over a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
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John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

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Circumstances alter cases,
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EXTRACT·FACE POWDER
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HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

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Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.

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Injuries Healed; Scalp Disease, Bad Legs, Poisoning, and Pains Cured.



Zam-Buk is invaluable for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, stiffness, eczema, ulcers, pimples, boils, abscesses, rash, bad legs, swollen joints, sore heads and backs, festering sores, poisoned wounds, diseased ankles, psoriasis, barber's rash, ringworm, chapped hands, &c.

WHERE TO OBTAIN ZAM-BUK.

Zam-Buk may be had post free from our Head English Office, 4, Red Cross Street, E.C., or from any of the following depots:

AUSTRALIA:—39, Pitt St., Sydney. CANADA:—58, Colborne St., Toronto.
 INDIA:—30, Strand Rd., Calcutta. FRANCE:—4, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris.
 AFRICA:—71, Bree St., Cape Town. EGYPT:—Mr. Max Fischer, Cairo.

MRS. A. Y. GRIFFITHS, of 32, Liverpool Lawn, West Cliff, Ramsgate, said to a local reporter:—"My little daughter suffered dreadfully with scalp disease for about six years. I first noticed an eruption on her scalp when she was only eleven months old. It developed into running sores, and I failed to check the trouble at all. The doctor, too, failed to do any good, and I then began to go to different chemists, trying all sorts of ordinary ointments, medicines, &c. I was told that no cure could be found for her, but eventually I tried Zam-Buk. I dressed the scalp carefully and regularly with Zam-Buk for some time. The sores dried up at last, and finally, the dry, thick, scaly skin disappeared, to reveal a clean, sweet, healthy scalp. Thanks entirely to Zam-Buk, she is absolutely well.

"My elder daughter had a bad leg for some time, and one week's treatment with Zam-Buk completely cured it. Through dressing this leg I got a poisoned hand myself, and one finger was so bad that the doctor informed me he would be compelled to draw the nail to save the first joint. However, I applied Zam-Buk, and within ten days the finger was perfectly healed.

"My husband thinks Zam-Buk most valuable for swollen and painful toe joints, and I have used it successfully among my other children for cuts, bruises, sores, growing pains, &c. Zam-Buk has been quite a boon to me. Our home shall never be without the useful little box of Zam-Buk."

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FREE BOX.

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THE CLUB TABLE.

on 6 in. selected legs; 11 in. by 14 in. sides; heavy slate bed, guaranteed dead level, covered superior billiard cloth, six solid mahogany cushions, mounted best frost-proof rubber, invisible pocket plates, white cord nets, with accessories.

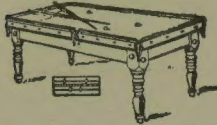
	Cash Price.
Full size, 12 ft. by 6 ft. ...	£30 0 0
11 ft. by 5 ft. 7½ in., on six legs ...	28 0 0
10 ft. by 5 ft. 1½ in., on six legs ...	24 10 0
9 ft. by 4 ft. 7½ in., on six legs ...	21 0 0
9 ft. by 4 ft. 7½ in., on four legs ...	20 0 0
8 ft. by 4 ft. 1½ in., on four legs ...	16 10 0
7 ft. by 3 ft. 7 in., on four legs ...	14 0 0

BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE (Combined).

Nothing to get out of order. Perfection, ease, and simplicity of change. A perfect, handsome piece of furniture. Supplied in Oak, Mahogany, or carefully selected Pitch Pine. Please state which required when ordering. Stand of good sound timbers, mounted on four or six stout legs according to size. Specification of table as above with loose Dining Table top to entirely cover Billiard Table. These tables are sent out complete. Any handy person can fit up; simply bolt together.

Size of Billiard Table.	Size of Dining Table.	Cash Price.
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.	£9 10 0
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	6 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.	10 10 0
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	7 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 2 in.	12 10 0
8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	8 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 8 in.	17 10 0
9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 11 in.	9 ft. 8 in. by 5 ft. 3 in.	22 10 0

PORTABLE TABLE.



A Billiard Table that can be placed on any dining table. Grand value. In solid Oak, Mahogany, or handsomely figured Pitch Pine, with accessories. All kinds in stock.

Size of Balls.	Cash Price.	Size of Balls.	Cash Price.
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2. 4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.	3 2 6	7. 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	9 15 0
3. 4 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 7 in.	3 10 0	8. 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 11 in.	13 0 0
4. 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	4 2 6	9. 10 ft. 4 in. by 5 ft. 4 in.	21 15 0
5. 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	4 17 6		

Stands for above to match Table: No. 3, 32/6. No. 4, 37/6. No. 5, 47/6. No. 6, 55/-. No. 7, 65/-. No. 8, 70/-. No. 9, 95/-

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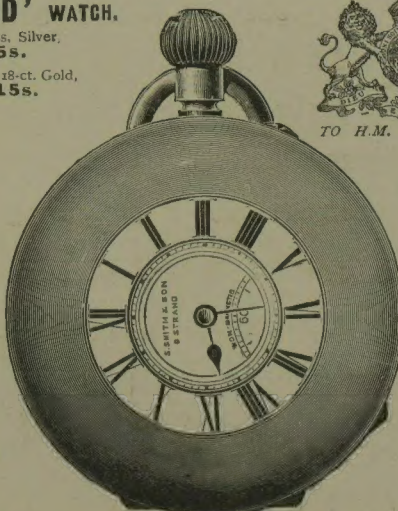
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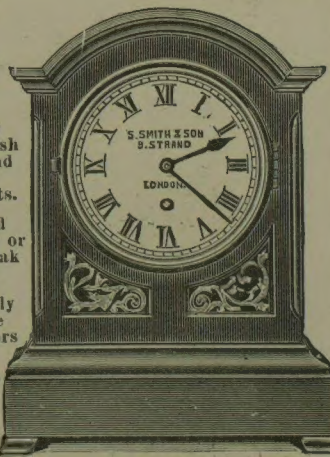
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Polished Mahogany or Fumed Oak Cases.

Absolutely Reliable Timekeepers

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Average Height 13 inches.



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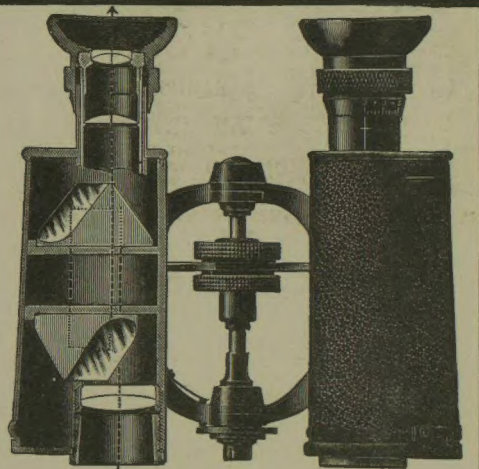
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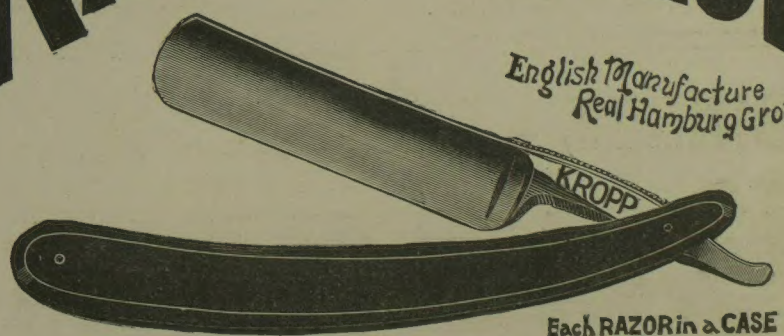


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Each RAZOR in a CASE

BLACK HANDLES 5/6 IVORY HANDLES 7/6

A PLEASURE TO USE

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to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and the Royal General Theatrical Fund; £200 to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street); £4000, and his house in Maida Vale, to Sir Henry Irving; £2300 to his executor, Edward Yeats Lowne; £2000 to Eliza Johnstone; £1000 to Frank Carlton; £1000 to George Shilton; £2000 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Young; £1800 to his sister-in-law, Barbara Mobbs; £1300 to Mr. John Billington; £600 to Lionel Brough; £500 each to Edmund Routledge, Mrs. Routledge, Joseph Hatton, Matilda Carlton, Mrs. Lowne, and Miss Lowne; £300 to Weedon Grossmith; £200 to Mrs. Brough; £200 to Miss Betty Brough; £100 each to Daisy Brough, Percy Brough, Sidney Brough, Lawrence Irving, H. B. Irving, George Grossmith, and Kate Carlyon; and very many other legacies. One half of the residue of his property he leaves to those relatives who would have benefited had he died intestate, one tenth to Edward Yeats Lowne, one tenth to Sir Henry Irving, and three tenths for such charitable institutions as his executors may select.

The will (dated April 25, 1905) of Mr. CHARLES SANDERSON, of Newlands, Weybridge, and 46, Queen Victoria Street, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Sept. 6 by Mrs. Christina Margaret Marion Sanderson, the widow, Francis John Snowball, and William Robert Sheldon, the value of the estate being £72,101. The testator gives a life policy for £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Tina Lucy Joy; £50 each to his servants Ellen and Elizabeth Martin; and £500 and the income for life from his residuary estate to his wife. Subject thereto he gave £1500 each to his daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Isabella Forlong Snowball, and Mrs. Mary Forlong Sheldon;



Photo, Dover Street Studios.
WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE ODOL COMPETITION:
MISS GLADYS BLYTHE.

The entries for the competition were very numerous. Three-quarters of the competitors were ladies. There were thirty-one correct solutions, and nearly five hundred of the competitors guessed over twenty correctly, and so secured consolation prizes. The winners of the chief prizes were: Miss Gladys Blythe, first prize, £20; Miss Ethel Hallé, second prize, £10; and Miss Mabel James, third prize, £5, to whom cheques were promptly sent, as well as to the winners of the fifteen guinea prizes.

£1200 to his daughter Mrs. Joy, and the ultimate residue in trust for his three daughters, the share of Mrs. Joy to be less by £600 than that of her sisters.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1893) of Mr. ALEXANDER ECCLES, of Oakhill, Roby, Lancashire, and of Liverpool, who died on Aug. 12, has been proved by Alexander Percy Eccles, Henry Eccles, and Thomas Edgar Eccles, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £221,697. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his children and the issue of any deceased child in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation of the deed of settlement, dated Jan. 15, 1902, of Mr. JOHN FYFE, of Beechgrove House, Aberdeen, granite-merchant, granted to William Fyfe and John Malcolm Fyfe, the sons, Edward Webber, John Duthie, and George James Walker, the executors nominate, has been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £235,752.

The Khedive of Egypt's new turbine yacht, the *Mahroussa*, has just been completed and has left for Alexandria. The dining-room, which is on the main-deck, accommodates twenty people, and is in the Louis XVI. style, panelled in white, with rich gilt mouldings, gilt chairs and side-tables, and rich brocade draperies. The reception-room is in the Queen Anne style, and the bed and dressing rooms on the lower-deck are in the Adam style. The decoration and furnishing of the dining and reception rooms and the principal bed and dressing rooms were entrusted to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited, whose work has earned many words of praise from those who saw the boat before her departure.

SOFT WHITE HANDS
IN ONE NIGHT BY THE USE OF CUTICURA
SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. Wear old gloves or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the hands, for removing redness, roughness and irritations, for rashes and eczemas, with shapeless nails, this treatment works wonders, frequently curing in a single night.

FISH (from sea to your door).—Order direct from the leading firm for value and quick delivery. 6lb., 2s.; 9lb., 2s. 6d.; 11lb., 3s.; 14lb., 3s. 6d.; carriage paid, dressed and cleaned ready for cooking. Choice variety. Trial solicited. List and particulars free.—STANDARD FISH COMPANY (E), Grimsby Docks.

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Knife Polish**

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cauters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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MEDALS



Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

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These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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do as the healthy do.

The healthy are always well only because they never permit themselves to be unwell. You will have noticed that a clock left to itself is rarely right: it requires to be regulated carefully. If it is two minutes slow now it will be a quarter of an hour behind next week, and it is never two days alike. We ourselves are very like clocks. Only in rare instances can we be left to go by ourselves. To keep Greenwich time—always to be right and never to be wrong—we want to be regulated periodically. The healthy attend to themselves, therein showing a wise care which all can emulate, if they will. It is simple enough,

TAKE

notice of the least symptom of disquietude, and promptly attend to yourself. That disinclination to exertion which you have to-day is the first warning; the stomach wants regulating. If you are wise you will put the mischief right while it is easy to do it. A little neglect and the stomach will get hopelessly slow, and will get slower and slower until it will need drastic measures to make it go at all. It will be much worse than an irregular clock; this only causes you to lose your train; an uncertain stomach will make you lose your work. Keep your stomach up to time and the whole system keeps time, too; work is a pleasure and comes easy. It is as easy to be healthy as to be always ailing; do as the healthy do, take

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Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).